The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE 3d

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

MARCH 29, 1947

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4781811

Candid Cameras
can afford to be candid
. . . when *MILO* enthusiasts are snapped

This is Mrs. B.W.K.

Asked about MILO, she said that "fatigue hour" for housewives (10.30 to 11.30 a.m.) can be overcome, with perfect enjoyment, by a well-timed cup of MILO. "It gives me new energy," said Mrs. K.

Kenneth G. . . . . , *rising business executive, says MILO keeps him "on his toes" when mental and physical strain tempt him to "slacken off."*

MILO enthusiasts never fear the Candid Camera. Neither are they reticent in praise of their favourite health drink. MILO, they say frankly, helps to keep them "on their toes," to give them new energy, to sleep restfully and soundly at night. And that isn't surprising. MILO, after all, is a delicious chocolate-flavoured blend of pure country milk and malted cereals. It is fortified with vitamins A, B and D. It contains phosphates, calcium and magnesium. It just CAN'T HELP doing good! MILO, taken regularly, *enjoyed* regularly, is a wonderful aid to top-line health. 2/3 buys a ½-lb. tin from any chemist or store in metropolitan areas: 14-oz. tins cost only 3/9. Prices in the country are slightly higher, but MILO is wonderful value *wherever* you buy it!

NOW IN TWO SIZES:
8 oz. tin - 2/3
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Mrs. W. D. . . . . , *mother of two children, formerly suffered from sleeplessness. Says MILO, taken regularly, is a wonderful aid to sound, restful sleep.*

MILO
The Tonic for the Times

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"You see how it is, old man. Jenny's not stable," Jeff said, grinning at Henry.

CUSTODY OF THE DOG

By ISABELLA TAVES

MR. BONES sat on a pink - slip - covered chair looking detached. He was a dog of dubious ancestry, rather large for comfort, with a silly little tail and mournful eyes. Jenny liked to think that he exuded personality, but at the moment he was saving his strength. He was looking detached.

She felt anything but detached. And Jeff, on the sofa, was gradually turning an infused purple.

"I'll give you the car," he said, "I'll give you the furniture and the books, and anything else you want. But I keep Mr. Bones."

At the mention of his name Mr. Bones allowed the merest tip of his tail to quiver, but he did not open his eyes. Jenny, in the armchair opposite Mr. Bones' deeper-cushioned job, drew out her handkerchief. Her eyes were already swollen and her nose was red.

"But he is my dog," she said. "He was only six weeks old when I got him——"

"When I gave him to you," Jeff corrected with mounting tension. "You saw him in a pet-shop window and fell in love with him and I was in the maudlin stage of adoration when I thought you should have everything you wanted. I've certainly learned a lot about women from you. The experience is worth something and I'm willing to pay for it. But I want Mr. Bones."

"You're being stubborn." Jenny dabbed at her eyes. "You travelled all over the country with your wretched photography while I sat at home being a nursemaid to Mr. Bones."

"You forget," Jeff said frigidly, "that it was while I was away that you met your great love. I'm not blaming you. Henry Parton is a lot bigger shot than I would ever want to be. I——"

"Jeff," Jenny's voice was cold, "you've been decent until now. We were going to be civilised about this divorce. You've always been more in love with your job than you were with me. And I'm sick of sitting at home while you tear round the world taking pictures."

Her voice broke. Jeff stood up. He was a tall young man with tousled hair and an air of general neglect. After two hectic years of being married to Jeff and trying to keep his clothes pressed and buttons sewn on his shirts, Jenny had begun to suspect that he enjoyed creating a forlorn effect.

She tried not to look at him when he stood over her.

"I have to go," he was saying. "I'm sorry, kid. I'm prepared to do the decent thing about stepping aside and letting the right man claim you and all that, but I'd like to salvage Bones out of the mess. You won't begrudge me that?"

Jenny's teeth set. "And what will you do with him when you're sent off to China to photograph a railway or something? Mr. Bones would die in a pet-shop. He can't even stand air travel."

Jeff dropped a light kiss on her forehead. "Oh, then I'd let him stay with you. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" He picked up the cowhide case with his equipment, a case unexpectedly neat and efficient. "Good-bye, Bones. See you in bachelor quarters."

Mr. Bones stood up, shook himself lazily, and dropped to the floor. Then he ambled over to the window, pulled his lead off the knob and stood with it in his mouth, looking at Jeff. Jeff patted the dog's head.

"You had better take him out," he said. "With all the changes going on round here, he is apt to get neurotic if he doesn't receive proper attention. I read that in a book."

After Jeff had left, Mr. Bones eyed Jenny accusingly. Jenny stared back.

"You were out two hours ago," she said. "Henry will take you out when he comes, you know that. Don't roll your eyes at me that way. You are a spoiled dog. Oh, dear." She rose reluctantly and went in search of dark glasses to conceal her tear-soaked eyes. "Just round the block, then."

At five-thirty Henry's secretary called to say that Mr. Parton would not be at Jenny's until six o'clock. That, Jenny reflected, was one of the comforting things about Henry. After two years of waiting dinner for Jeff, after two years of never knowing whether he would turn up alone or with a complete fire brigade, Henry's considerateness always surprised her.

She was, Jenny reflected, a very lucky girl. Henry was everything that Jeff wasn't. Henry wore dark blue flannel suits and managed always to look fresh pressed and immaculate. He gave the impression of compact strength; when he smiled, his white teeth shone attractively in a dark, intelligent face. Although he was not yet thirty, he was an economist of considerable reputation.

In all, Jenny told Bones soberly, Henry Parton was a very fine catch and it behoved her to get her eyes as unswollen as possible before his arrival. She spent the half hour with witch-hazel and ice-cubes.

When Henry arrived, her eyes were under control, with just an extra layer of green eye-shadow, which Jeff had always hated. But Jenny felt it combined well with her slim, sheath-like black dress. Henry kissed her approvingly and deposited packages on the table. They consisted of a bottle of whisky, an expensive wooden dumbbell for Mr. Bones, and a pair of even more expensive long white kid gloves for Jenny.

"I'm sorry to be late," Henry stated. "I'm half an hour overdue taking Mr. Bones for his walk."

Jenny watched Mr. Bones frolicking with his dumbbell. She wished that she could express equal enthusiasm over the whisky and gloves. She simply did not like whisky. And she had not put on evening clothes for two years, and even if she had, she couldn't imagine swathing herself to the armpits in white kid ... She pulled herself together.

"Mr. Bones is a spoiled dog," she said. "You mustn't worry about a little thing like half an hour."

But Henry was putting on his hat. "It isn't spoiling a dog to teach him to expect to go out at certain times. It's good discipline."

"Jeff was here to-day," Jenny said. "He still insists on the custody of Mr. Bones."

A flicker of impatience crossed Henry's face. "It seems to me we're wasting a lot of time and anguish over a trifle."

"But Mr. Bones isn't a trifle!"

"Of course not. I mean, I think Jeff is trying to hurt you. Do you want me to talk to him?"

"Oh, darling, would you?"

He patted her cheek. "Of course. Remember, Jenny, you aren't alone any more. You have someone to lean on."

The evening, like all nights out with Henry, was perfect. Their restaurant reservation was in proper order. The food, which Henry had ordered during the afternoon, was wonderful. They finished their coffee just in time to walk at their leisure to a theatre and sit down in tenth-row aisle seats three minutes before the curtain went up.

Afterwards, Henry estimated, they had just time for one nightcap at Jenny's before Bones' midnight walk.

A block away from her house Jenny could hear the unmistakable howling of Mr. Bones, lion with just a trace of hound. She mentioned nothing to Henry, hoping that some miracle would happen to silence Bones. While he paid the taxi at her door, Jenny rushed ahead of him to have a short private chat with her dog.

When he heard Jenny's key in the door, Mr. Bones stopped howling and, yelping joyously, flung himself on her.

"The only way to make him stop," she explained desperately to Henry, "is to take him out."

"It isn't twelve o'clock," Henry shouted. "Give him a whack with a newspaper. That will quiet him."

"But it seems so awful. He's welcoming me home. You see, I never used to leave him alone, hardly."

Eventually Mr. Bones saw Henry's point of view, or tried. At any rate, just as Jenny's voice was beginning to crack from screaming at the dog to keep still, he subsided to his cushion and watched Jenny with resentful eyes. She turned her back on him and sipped the drink which Henry had provided.

"Jenny," Henry said, "I hate to push you, but you can't blame me for being impatient. When are you going to the solicitor?"

Jenny smiled at him. "You aren't pushing me, dear. You are being wonderful and patient. It's just that —none of the business about the divorce really upset me until we came to Mr. Bones. You see, Jeff and I are both so terribly fond of him. We always took him with us, you know, wherever we went, and——"

She halted suddenly. Henry's hand felt lifeless on hers, and cold. "I'm sorry," she said. "I was starting to ramble."

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Speak to me of Love

By THOMAS WALSH

Both girls were forgotten as his fist lashed out savagely.

AS soon as Harry McQuillen set foot inside the camp, the same old feeling of dogged, bitter resentment swept over him. It was the effect of all the uniforms about him. These men might be in process of demobilisation, but they only served to remind him that, all through the war, Headquarters had ruled that McQuillen, being one of the most promising young detectives in the force, and particularly smart at anti-subversive work, was far too valuable to be released from that duty for overseas service.

The remembrance, vividly stirred, burnt and rankled bitterly within him. That was why he spoke so curtly to the lieutenant who directed him to the officer's mess.

The lieutenant, he might have noticed some other time, was a particularly pretty girl. But just now he had no time to think of that, preoccupied as he was with his own irritation.

This, moreover, grew steadily greater when he found that Major Moberly, whom he had come here to interview, might not arrive for some days. Awaiting his arrival, all McQuillen could do was to wander round sullenly, feeling sorrier and sorrier for himself with every passing hour.

Then, on his second evening, when he was brooding by himself in a quiet corner of the officers' mess, he met up with the lieutenant again. She didn't seem to know him at first; he understood that when she marched past his couch and, with one of those curt military nods, took a seat on the other side of his lamp.

Later, though, she looked around uncertainly. "Good evening," she said. Hadn't she seen him somewhere before?

"Yesterday evening," McQuillen admitted dourly.

"Oh, yes," the lieutenant said brightly. "I remember. You appeared to be terribly put out about something or other."

"That so?" McQuillen asked, stolid about it now. The lieutenant, however, was not put off by his surliness, and before long McQuillen found himself chatting with her.

Then without quite realising how it came about, he found himself telling her details about William Frederick Stevenson Wright, the spurious Army captain with the fake ribbons who had married three women during the past six weeks.

Two he had deserted the very day that they turned over their savings to him; the third, who must have been a bit shrewder, he had disposed of bad-temperedly in the cellar of her suburban home.

William Frederick Stevenson Wright was why McQuillen had come down here to interview a Major Moberly, because the major had occupied a hotel room next to Capt. William Frederick So-and-so for ten or twelve days.

He might have heard something or seen something which would help to fill in the partly blank pages of Stevenson Wright's career—a little fact, a careless word, McQuillen explained professionally, which wouldn't mean anything much until they could line it up at headquarters with the few other things they had uncovered about him.

The lieutenant was definitely interested; she asked a few intelligent questions about police work; and when they parted McQuillen casually invited her to drop in at headquarters any time. He'd show her through, McQuillen promised; there were a lot of things up there that everybody ought to see.

As an evening, he admitted to himself, it was not so dreary as it might have been. . . .

Major Moberly did not appear until Saturday. In the meantime, McQuillen, who had nothing at all to do in the days, discovered that in the evenings at least he could talk to the lieutenant. He could tell her, not conscious in any way that the narrative was really one of self-justification, how they had sent him straight after the outbreak of war to do duty at a round of war plants.

The lieutenant listened sympathetically, murmured sympathetically; McQuillen began to approve of her as a nice levelheaded girl.

On Wednesday he took her to the pictures. On Thursday they met again.

On Friday, however, when they had arranged a round of golf, he walked into the mess and saw her sitting next to a blond infantry captain and laughing her head off at something that had just been said to her—enjoying the blond captain, apparently, much more than she had ever enjoyed him.

The old resentment swept over him again. He slipped out, and was moodily smoking a cigarette when she appeared suddenly.

"Didn't you see me?" she said. "I was waiting for you in the lounge."

McQuillen said with as much savage derision as he could manage: "You and that blond captain were waiting for me. And I didn't want to bust anything up, naturally. If you're more comfortable with a uniform parked next to you——"

"Uniform?" she repeated after him. She drew a long breath. "You say that in an awfully peculiar way. What's the matter with you, Harry McQuillen? Have you got one of those tiresome civilian complexes? The way you mutter about the—the uniforms, and the way you march around here ignoring everybody, with that high-and-mighty air of yours——"

McQuillen laughed shortly. "That's pretty good," he said.

"You're rather absurd," the lieutenant said, tapping her right shoe against the floorboards. "And not very agreeable. I'd advise you, in a perfectly friendly way, to get over that extreme sensitivity of yours. It's so obvious and so completely ridiculous——"

"It is, is it?" McQuillen asked, more than a little flushed. "Obvious, am I?"

"Awfully obvious," the lieutenant said, surveying him coolly. "I'm sorry that everything I say seems to irritate you."

Just then the blond captain appeared with a couple of other officers. Soon after, McQuillen excused himself formally, and walked off in bitterness and alone. He knew she wouldn't miss him, and he lay wakeful till long after midnight, telling himself that he didn't miss her either.

The next morning it was an enormous relief to be informed that Major Moberly had arrived at last. In the adjutant's office after breakfast, very businesslike and efficient, now that he was playing his own personal game, McQuillen went through the usual routine without waste of time.

Unfortunately, there was very little that the major could recall offhand about a man he had seen only half a dozen times in a hotel corridor—and once, he remembered, just as McQuillen was about to give up in disgust, inside a florist's shop just around the corner.

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OPENED BY MISTAKE

By...

HAROLD GOLDMAN

"These are for you," she said, thrusting the flowers at the mystified girl.

SMILING to himself, he dropped the letter into the box, hailed a taxi, gave the driver an address, and sat back, smoking a cigarette, as they bumped through the early evening traffic.

He had noticed on the pillar-box that the next collection was at six-fifteen. That meant that the letter couldn't reach its destination until the following morning at the very earliest; more likely it would arrive some time in the afternoon.

She would not be at home to receive it; therefore it would be about this time to-morrow that it would get to her. He allowed half an hour for her deciding to read it, another half an hour for her reiterated determination not to telephone him, and two minutes for her dialling his number.

According to this timetable, his phone should ring at about seven o'clock to-morrow evening.

He smiled again at his own sureness—not about the exact moment of each action; that had to do with factors beyond his control, but that she would read the letter; that she would phone him. Because he had sent her many letters, or rather this same letter many times, and always it had been returned to him unopened.

Not torn across or anything like that. Simply unopened.

Well, she couldn't return this one simply unopened. The beautiful part of it was that she would never know she had been diverted by a little trick.

No, he amended, more than a trick—an inspiration! And if she couldn't send it back she might as well read it. And if she read it he knew she would telephone him.

Of course, he might have typewritten the envelope so that she could not identify the sender, but to be defrauded so brazenly would only have infuriated her. No, she had to read it knowing that it was from him. His name must be on the envelope — and without the slightest suspicion that he had forced her into it.

Now, to do one more little thing, and then wait until seven o'clock to-morrow night.

The taxi stopped at a big block of service flats. He asked the driver to wait, got out, and entered the hall. He walked to the telephone desk. The girl at the switchboard looked up.

"I wonder if I could ask a favor of you?" he said. "I want to get a message to Miss Virginia Horner."

"I don't think she's in," said the girl. "I'll try . . ."

She began to plug in but he stopped her.

"I don't want to talk to her," he said. "I'd like you to give her a message. My name is Philip Barr, and I've just posted a letter to Miss Horner. Will you please ask her to send it back to me? You might tell her that when she collects her letters to-morrow evening. Just say that I've changed my mind and would like her to return it to me unopened."

The girl looked at him curiously.

"I'll tell her," she said, and made a note on her desk pad as she repeated the name "Philip Barr."

"That will be quite all right, Mr. Barr. I'll see to it," she added with a reassuring smile.

"Thank you very much," he said, and hurried out of the building. He did not want to spoil things by running into Virginia at this moment. He got into the waiting taxi and gave the driver his home address.

. . . . . .

Virginia Horner reached her flat at about six the following evening. She had been harried unmercifully at the office all the afternoon, and she looked forward to a warm bath and an hour of complete relaxation.

After that, she was having a late dinner with Donald which would be restful, too.

Donald was pleasant and quietly adoring. Of course, he might propose to-night. He would most certainly want to kiss her. But he was the sort of man that wouldn't bother you any more after you'd said "No!" three times.

Not like some other people she knew to whom the word "no" was like cannon-smoke in the nostrils of a war horse, like the starting gun at a race track, like the cry, "Tally-ho!" to a foxhound.

But she wouldn't think of that now. She'd have her nice, warm bath, her cocktail. She'd get the three "no's" in as quickly as possible, and then she'd have an easy, well-fed time for the rest of the evening.

She approached the telephone desk on her way to the lift. That's where the post was left, in pigeonholes, for the tenants who were out at the time of delivery. The girl was busy at the switchboard, but Virginia saw several letters protruding from her box and waited.

The girl finished the call, said, "Good evening, Miss Horner," and reached into the compartment for the letters.

Virginia sorted them rapidly. Nothing important—a circular, a bill, a notice of a lecture. She was about to walk away when the girl picked up an envelope from the desk and presented it to her.

Virginia took one look at the handwriting and the name of the sender; then a quick look at the girl.

"What was it doing on your desk?" she asked.

The girl smiled. "Mr. Barr was in last night and left a message about this letter. He wanted me to be sure not to forget to tell you."

"What was the message?" Miss Horner asked, still looking at the envelope.

"He said it was a mistake. He doesn't want you to read it. He wants you to send it back to him unopened."

Virginia caught her breath in a sharp gasp, staring back almost incredulously at the smiling girl.

"He asked me to return it unopened. Well, that's the coolest thing I have ever heard. They're all returned unopened! This has been going on for years! In fact, I give you permission to send them back yourself; you needn't even ask me about it! Let me have a pencil," she said. "A big black one!"

The girl handed her a pencil. Virginia was about to cross out her name when for some reason she turned the letter over. And her heart grew numb. The envelope had obviously been opened and resealed.

It was more than a trick, he told himself smilingly. It was a positive inspiration.

"Who opened this letter?" she demanded.

"Is it open?" asked the girl innocently. "I didn't notice."

"It isn't now," said Virginia. "It's been resealed!"

"Has it?" said the girl. She was plugging in another line.

"Stop those calls, please! I want to talk to you," said Virginia. "What do you mean by opening my letters! You could be had up for that!"

"I did nothing of the kind," said the girl indignantly. "I have simply . . ."

"Who handled this letter before you?" asked Virginia, trying to be calm.

"Just the hall porter," said the girl. "The postman delivered it about twelve, and it was brought to me with the rest of the post. I put it aside so that I wouldn't forget the message."

"All right," said Virginia. "I'll have to look into this. I'm sorry that I was rude." She turned and walked to the lift.

She had no proof, of course, but she thought she knew very well what must have happened. The girl's curiosity had been whetted by the odd message and she hadn't been able to resist. She had put a pencil under the flap, edged it open, and then stuck it down again. It was an old trick. She had done it herself when she was a child. But that wasn't worth bothering about now. She had a deeper problem.

How could she return a letter that showed signs of having been surreptitiously opened?

Philip, of course, would be sure she had done it. And if there was one thing in the world she didn't want, it was for him to imagine that she had the slightest curiosity about anything he might have to say to her.

Still she couldn't return the thing! She'd have to keep it. She needn't read it, but she couldn't send it back!

She entered her flat and threw off her clothes. She didn't have a warm, soothing bath; she had a cold sponge that stung. And she didn't sing, as was her usual custom. She used a great many words, but they wouldn't have set well to music.

That's what she'd do. Send it back to him. Let him think . . . No! She couldn't. She simply couldn't! It was impossible to bear the thought of his smirk as he looked at the flap and said, "She opened it; she read it this time!"

Well, suppose he did! What did she care? But if he was going to think she had read it, then she might as well. She'd unseal it carefully, read it, then paste the flap back again. If she did a good job she might make him think the letter had never been opened at all!

She picked up a pencil and with infinite care inserted it in the little gap at the corner. Then she started to roll it adroitly against the flap.

Adroitly—but not skilfully enough. Perhaps it was her very over-anxiety that did it, but there was a sudden ominous tearing sound, and the flap ripped right across.

So now it was really hopeless. Curse that girl at the telephone desk!

All right, she told herself. Here goes. Now let's see what he has to say for himself. She took the letter from the envelope and unfolded it.

"My dear Virginia," she read.

"This letter is a very old story. I have tried to tell it to you many times, and as many times you have refused to listen. You have dropped the phone the moment you recognised my voice; all my letters have been returned unopened. This is the last time I shall try to communicate with you in any way. But you will not know that, as this letter will probably come back to me in the same manner as the others.

"But perhaps, in some mystical way, you will sense that this is a valedictory. I have a feeling that you will read this particular letter.

"What I am about to say is not so much an apology as a statement, almost a judicial opinion, that I have come to after ridding myself of a natural predisposition in my own favor. But facts are facts, whether we are willing to face them or not, and I, as you will see, am perfectly willing to face them. And the two great facts in this case are that you have been absolutely right and that I have been absolutely wrong.

"I hate to bring in the name of Nora. I know your reaction to what you used to call a four-letter name. But it is necessary in order for you to know how right you were. When you insisted that I had seen her secretly, you were right. When I denied it, I lied. When you said I had an obsession about her, you were right, too. When you insisted I was deceiving you, I was deceiving you.

"Some of your further opinions about my character became a little hysterical, but I can forgive you that under the stress of your extreme provocation. But just for the records —I've never poisoned anyone; I've never robbed the Bank of England. In fact, my way of life has been exemplary—except in regard to Nora.

"Yes, you were right. I did have an obsession. And the only one who could cure it was Nora herself.

"When I first saw you, I couldn't believe it. To me, you were wholly without equal. It was more than love at first sight. It was the utter conviction that my entire future happiness was inextricably woven with yours. I was powerless to fight against it even if I had wanted to. I knew it was for me, once in a lifetime."

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Always look for the name . . .

MORLEY

"KANTSHRINK" WOOLLENS
for cosy warmth, are guaranteed unshrinkable

"VELNIT" INTERLOCK COTTON
for soft, non-irritating comfort

on UNDERWEAR

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ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

HERCULE POIROT is assisting CHIEF-INSPECTOR JAPP, of Scotland Yard, to investigate the deaths of HENRY MORLEY, dentist, who was found shot dead in his surgery; wealthy Greek AMERIOTIS, his patient, who died from an overdose of an injection Morley had given him; and MRS. CHAPMAN, whose mutilated body was at first thought to be that of MABELLE SAINSBURY SEALE.

Circumstances suggest that all three deaths were linked with a plot to assassinate the noted banker, ALISTAIR BLUNT, another of Morley's patients, while Poirot finds puzzling or suspicious features in the behaviour of Blunt's niece, JANE OLIVERA, the young American, HOWARD RAIKES, who is in love with her, and FRANK CARTER, fiance of Morley's secretary GLADYS NEVILL.

Others interrogated include Morley's partner, REILLY, his sister, GEORGINA, and his patient, MR. BARNES.

By special invitation, Poirot spends the week-end at Blunt's country home, and the banker commissions him to find Miss Sainsbury Seale, who has mysteriously disappeared. The following day a shot is fired at Blunt, apparently by Frank Carter, who is posing as a gardener. Carter is arrested, but protests his innocence.

Now read on:

QUIETLY and without emphasis, a voice said: "M. Reilly, is it not?"

The young Irishman, to whom the words were addressed, started.

He turned. Standing next to him at the counter of the shipping company's office was a small man with a large moustache and an egg-shaped head.

"You do not remember me, perhaps?"

"You do yourself an injustice, M. Poirot. You're not a man that's easily forgotten." He turned back to speak to the clerk behind the counter who was waiting.

"You are going abroad for a holiday?" the voice at his elbow murmured.

"It's not a holiday I'm taking. And you yourself, M. Poirot? You're not turning your back on this country, I hope."

"Sometimes," said Hercule Poirot, "I return for a short while to my own country—Belgium."

"I'm going farther than that," said Reilly. "It's America for me." He added: "And I don't think I'll be coming back, either."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Reilly. You are, then, abandoning your practice in Queen Charlotte Street."

"If you'd say it was abandoning me, you'd be nearer the mark."

"Indeed? That is very sad."

"It doesn't worry me. When I think of the debts I shall leave behind me unpaid, I'm a happy man." He grinned engagingly.

"It's not I who'll be shooting myself because of money troubles. Leave them behind you, I say, and start afresh. I've got my qualifications and they're good ones if I say so myself."

"Did you agree with the verdict of the Coroner's Court on your partner's death?" Poirot asked.

"I did not," said Reilly emphatically.

"You don't think he made a mistake in the injection?"

"If Morley injected that Greek with the amount that they say he did, he was either drunk or he meant to kill the man. And I've never seen Morley drink."

"So you think it was deliberate?"

"I'd not like to be saying that. It's a grave accusation to be making. Truly now, I don't believe it."

"There must be some explanation."

"There must indeed—but I've not thought of it yet."

"When did you last actually see Mr. Morley alive?" Poirot asked.

"We felt the police or someone ought to be told what we saw," Agnes said.

"Let me see now. It's a long time after to be asking me a thing like that. It would be the night before—about a quarter to seven."

"You didn't see him on the actual day of the murder?"

Reilly shook his head.

"You are sure?" Poirot persisted.

"Oh, I'd not say that. But I don't remember——"

"You did not, for instance, go up to his room about eleven-thirty-five when he had a patient there."

"You're right now. I did. There was a technical question I had to ask him about some instruments I was ordering. They'd rung me up about it. But I was only there for a minute, so it slipped my memory. He had a patient there at the time."

Poirot nodded.

"There is another question I always meant to ask you. Your patient, Mr. Raikes, cancelled his appointment by walking out. What did you do during that half-hour's leisure?"

"What I always do when I have any leisure. Mixed myself a drink. And, as I've been telling you, I put through a telephone call and ran up to see Morley for a minute."

Poirot nodded.

"And I also understand that you had no patient from half-past-twelve to one after Mr. Barnes left. When did he leave, by the way?"

"Oh! just after half-past twelve."

"And what did you do then?"

"The same as before. Mixed myself another drink!"

"And went up to see Morley again?"

Mr. Reilly smiled.

"Are you meaning did I go up and shoot him? I've told you already, long ago, that I did not. But you've only my word for it."

"What did you think of the Morleys' parlor-maid, Agnes?" Poirot asked.

Reilly stared.

"Now that's a funny question to be asking."

"But I should like to know."

"I'll answer you. I didn't think about her. Georgina kept a strict eye on the maids—and quite right, too. The girl never looked my way once—which was bad taste on her part."

"I have a feeling," said Hercule Poirot, "that that girl knows something."

He looked inquiringly at Mr. Reilly. The latter smiled and shook his head.

"Don't ask me," he said. "I know nothing about it. I can't help you at all."

He gathered up the tickets which were lying in front of him and went off with a nod and a smile. Poirot explained to a disillusioned clerk that he would not make up his mind about that cruise after all . . .

Poirot again betook himself to Hampstead to visit Mrs. Adams, who had known Miss Sainsbury Seale in India.

She seemed surprised to see him. Though he had been vouched for, so to speak, by a Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard, she nevertheless regarded him as a "quaint little foreigner" and had not taken his pretensions very seriously.

She was, however, very willing to talk.

After the first sensational announcement about the identity of the victim, the findings of the inquest had received little publicity. It had been a case of mistaken identity—the body of Mrs. Chapman had been mistaken for that of Miss Sainsbury Seale. That was all that the public knew.

The fact that Miss Sainsbury Seale had probably been the last person to see the unfortunate Mrs. Chapman alive was not stressed. There had been no hint in the Press that Miss Sainsbury Seale might possibly be wanted by the police on a criminal charge.

Mrs. Adams had been very relieved when she knew that it was not her friend's body which had been discovered so dramatically. She appeared to have no idea that any suspicion might attach to Mabelle Sainsbury Seale.

Please turn to page 27

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Fashion PATTERNS

The Princesses' Frocks

● By consent of Molyneux and Hartnell, who designed the originals for the Princesses to wear on their South African tour, Fashion Patterns has copied their lovely frocks. This is the first time that the Princesses have had frocks designed for wear in a warm climate similar to ours.

Readers will appreciate the gracious gesture that has made it possible for every Australian girl to have frocks with the same high-style fashion points as these, which are now creating intense interest everywhere.

● For Princess Margaret (left). Tailored afternoon frock by Hartnell in wild-rose wool, trimmed with white pique. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide material, ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Order No. F4594.

● For Princess Elizabeth (left). Molyneux off-the-shoulder evening dress in blue with lace fichu. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 7 yds. 36in. wide material and 1yd. 36in. wide lace. Order No. F4596.

● For Princess Margaret (above). Hartnell suit in white with double-breasted jacket featuring wide revers and gold buttons; skirt with welted stitching. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 3yds. 54in or 4¼yds. 36in. wide material. Order No. F4593.

● For Princess Margaret (left). Exquisite evening dress by Molyneux. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 8yds. 36in. wide material. Order No. F4595.

● For Princess Elizabeth (above). White pique suit, single-breasted jacket, skirt with belted yoke, by Molyneux. Sizes 32 to 42. Requires 2¼yds. 54in. wide material. Order No. F4598.

● For Princess Elizabeth (above). Afternoon model by Molyneux in pale grey-blue wool; saw-edged trimming and sash-ends. Sizes 32 to 42. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide material. Order No. F4597.

Supplies of these specially cut patterns are limited, so please order early. Price each 2/8. When ordering state size and order number.

Other Royal Fashion Patterns on page 11

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Picture shows and ice-cream in the Antarctic

MINIATURE PENGUINS made by Chief Photographer Q. Shirley in Currituck's hobby-room during off-duty periods while Western Task Group was at Antarctica with Admiral Byrd.

NAVIGATOR of plane that found oasis, Ensign Allan Reynolds, reads about another polar expedition. On return to States, Navy will send him back to college to do electrical engineering.

LIEUT.-CDR. DAVID E. BUNGER, U.S. Navy pilot, who discovered an ice-free oasis, "Bunger's First," on the Antarctic continent.

American Task Force had all mod. cons. on its 102-day polar expedition

By staff reporter AINSLIE BAKER

After 102 days at sea, the Western Group of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Task Force was in Sydney last week for six days' leave.

Most outstanding of the discoveries made by the Group was "Bunger's First," warm oasis in the heart of a vast continent of ice found by Lieut.-Cdr. David Bunger and his aircrew on an observation flight.

THE traditional picture, fondly cherished by most stay-at-homes, of Antarctic explorers fur-clad to the eyebrows, and shivering in an ice-bound ship, was quickly dissipated by the men who talked to me aboard the seaplane tender Currituck, one of three ships in the Group.

The ship is so well heated that in the polar regions the men slept with only one blanket.

Because of this, it wasn't necessary the members of the Task Force to wear special warm clothes unless they were going on deck duty.

An issue of warm clothes was made when the ships passed the Roaring Forties. Normally they wore ordinary uniform.

Ice-glare was not troublesome, either, for short periods, and the men did not wear dark glasses unless they were going to be on deck for some time.

On this modern naval ship, surrounded by limitless icy horizons the ship's complement were able to go to the pictures every night in the hangar. Or they could spend their time doing wood-carving or metal work in the hobby-room, or developing and printing pictures in their photography hobby-room.

They ate normal Navy rations, no special foods being needed in their diet.

But, true to the American way of life, in the U.S.S. Currituck there is an ice-cream factory, ready to turn out ice-cream at the South Pole or anywhere else.

Because there was no night, only about an hour of dusk for the first weeks of their stay, the Task Force lived by the clock.

"If the clock said it was 10 p.m., O.K., it was 10 p.m." Aviation Radioman Richard Maris, of Oregon, explained. "It didn't matter if it was broad daylight outside.

"Anyone who couldn't sleep and didn't want to read could always go up on deck and look at the landscape."

At the end of their stay the nights had lengthened, and there was a fair degree of darkness between 9 p.m. and 7 a.m., but no moon or stars.

"It was certainly a quiet place," Maris said. "You didn't notice it so much in the daytime, but at night—well, then it WAS quiet. That's when I used to write up my diary."

Diary-keeping had quite a rage. The men played a lot of checkers, too, and did a lot of reading.

Lieut.-Commander Bunger ("Dave" to his boys) is a big, ruddy-faced, fair man, of Dutch descent. He likes home-made cakes with plenty of icing, drinks tea and Scotch whisky, doesn't like beer, and looks after his boys like a nursemaid.

"Still, I guess that cuts both ways," he told me, "because they look after me, too."

They're shy, soft-spoken boys from almost every State of America. Most of them are Bikini atom-bomb experiment veterans who've been together for some time, graduating from Operation Crossroads (the Bikini test) to Operation Hi-jump (the Byrd expedition).

All of them are young. Dave had to push them forward to make them talk about themselves.

Bunger with his boys is quite a sight to behold. They were itching to get on shore that morning, but anxious to be interviewed if Dave wanted them to be.

They had his O.K. to go on cleaning caps, shoes, and uniforms as we talked.

None of them seemed to think there was anything so adventurous about flying over the polar region—but, then, having been present at the Bikini bomb test, they mightn't.

They were pretty excited about "Bunger's First," though, and admitted that when the Martin Mariner landed on the ice-free lake of the oasis they really did feel like arctic explorers—modern, air-borne edition.

"We'd sure like to have got out one of our rubber rafts," Observer Kenneth Smith admitted.

"But the captain said no, so we just had to lean out and put our arms in the water. It was anything up to 10 degrees warmer than the atmosphere."

"There mightn't have been any palm trees or camels, but that oasis in the midst of nothing but ice was certainly a relief to the eye," Lieut.-Commander Bunger recalled.

For "Count" Countess of Brooklyn, first mechanic in Captain Bunger's crew on the day the oasis was discovered, the expedition has been a series of surprises. "Count" had never seen snow or ice before.

"The oasis looked as though someone had dumped a load of charcoal when we first saw it from the air," he described it unromantically.

"Count," who is engaged to a girl in the States, is going to make a good husband, too—he knows all about laundering white sailor caps.

"The great idea is to get all the soap out," he informed me. "If you don't it looks yellow, and you'll never get a good white."

"We were pretty lucky," 19-year-old Enlisted Naval Correspondent Ralph Brewer, jun., added. "We came through just about without accidents.

"Main grouch was from the men who lost their suntan because there was no sun."

Few had any idea, until a week before they sailed from San Diego in December, where they were going.

Marlon Lee, electrician's mate, thought they were going to China.

"Did I get a "surprise," he said. "But it suited me fine because I'd spent six years working on the Alaskan-Canadian Highway and knew something of the conditions."

Though the time spent at the South Pole is regarded by most of the men I talked to as highly educational and something never to be forgotten, few of them admit wanting to go back—not because of hardship or discomfort, but because they found it monotonous.

Mostly volunteers in their early twenties, they seem to have volunteered for a variety of reasons ranging from curiosity and a dislike of being in the one place too long to the desire to go along because one of the other fellows was going.

It would seem that life in the Antarctic Circle presents few difficulties—or few to the Bunger boys—compared with those of a six-day leave in an Australian port.

As I was leaving, lanky, good-looking Harvey McKaskle approached me diffidently.

"Ma'am, I'd sure appreciate it if you could tell me the meaning of 'fair dinkum,'" he said. "It's a thing that's got me worried."

SLICKING UP, "Count" Countess rubs adhesive tape over Dale Draves' shore-going blues.

BABY PENGUINS caught on ice-pack are pets of Currituck's personnel. Leonard Davis shows they aren't frightened.

CAMERA ENTHUSIASTS claim in Chaplain's office cameras surrendered on Antarctic voyage.

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Editorial

MARCH 29, 1947

COUNTRYMEN ON PARADE

SYDNEY'S Royal Show, which opens this week, will be bigger and better than ever before.

The 18,000 entries are a record, the grand parade of 1400 horses, 1300 cattle, and 123 goats will be the biggest seen anywhere in the world, and a record crowd of one and a half million people is expected.

This first post-war show in New South Wales demonstrates even more graphically than the shows already held in other States the rapidity with which proverbial swords are being beaten into ploughshares.

Former war factories are contributing many of the domestic and farming equipment exhibits. The British Empire Exhibit includes 2000 separate articles, primarily for export, manufactured by 160 firms in the United Kingdom, also impressive displays by Australia, Canada, and, for the first time, India.

The showground itself has been remodelled after wartime occupation as an army camp, so that many exhibitors and patrons will have passed through it in uniform not long ago.

The unassuming countryman and his hardworking wife have every right to wear an air of importance at this year's Show.

Since they made their last mass visit six years ago the city has learned very forcibly how dependent it is on them.

During those six years they have battled with drought, staff shortages, lack of fertilisers, deficient machinery, fodder, seed, and stock.

But they have still managed to feed Australia and to supply our own and Allied armed forces.

Now, though peace has not yet solved all rural problems, the farmers ensure that Australia is one of the few well-fed and warmly clad nations in the world, and they help us keep faith with Britain and other countries which have desperate need of enough of our food to sustain life.

IF FEDERAL MEMBERS dressed to suit the peaceful dignity of Parliament House, Canberra, this is the way they would look. But Artist Sprod thinks there would still be stormy scenes.

It seems to me...

BY

Dorothy Drain

PARLIAMENT House, Canberra, dreaming away in its unsullied whiteness among the green parks, always looks to me like a place where members should sit round in white robes writing sonnets instead of engaging in acrimonious debate.

Pardon me if that sounds a bit high-flown. But it's the effect that's always produced on me by Canberra in a heat-wave, beautiful and hushed under the blazing sun.

But never mind, there's always someone like Mr. Rowley James, coalfields M.H.R., with his interjection at the swearing-in of Mr. McKell as Governor-General, to dispel these fanciful ideas.

There was some argument afterwards whether Mr. James called out "Good old Billy" or "Good on you, Billy." The former was what I heard. Not that it matters, but it shows how unreliable ear-witnesses are at moments of stress.

Hardly a smile cracked among the audience in the Senate Chamber when Mr. James broke the silence as Mr. McKell walked in. Many Labor members looked as a family does when one of its members refuses to put on company manners for a special occasion.

* * *

IF Mr. McKell didn't say, "I'm glad that's over," when he got back to Yarralumla after the swearing-in, I'm a poor judge of a trembling hand.

I had an excellent view of the top of his head (grey hair, neatly brushed across the baldish patch) and his right hand, from my seat in the gallery directly above and behind the dais.

The paper from which he read the 33 words of the Oath of Allegiance shook a little, in spite of the calmness of his voice.

And the second paper, bearing the 70 words of the Oath of Office, trembled a great deal faster.

* * *

PROWLING round the King's Hall after the show was over, I noted that the barometer in the western corner was pointing to "Fair," affected, no doubt, by the general lifting of tension that followed the ceremony.

I don't know that anybody expected anything actually sensational to happen.

But what with the criticism that had greeted the appointment fresh in people's minds, the number of empty seats on the floor of the Senate Chamber, and the uncomfortable solemnity always required by a formal ceremony, there was a certain pervading air of slight embarrassment.

I do know that when, after the "shaking hands" in the King's Hall, a box of matches exploded in a spectator's hand, several people nearby jumped nervously and looked very irritable indeed.

* * *

EVERYONE watched with an eagle eye to see who curtsied and who didn't, when presented to Their Excellencies.

Actually you never saw a full quota of curtsies in Australia, even when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were here.

The curtsy, unless it is done superbly, preferably with the legs hidden by long skirts, is an extremely awkward and ungraceful action.

And it's very hard on the knees.

The men were more consistent in their bowing, but that's because bowing is easier.

THERE was one person, however, who was completely at home throughout. That was Mr. Chifley.

As he walked down the steps from the King's Hall to greet Mr. McKell, and said, "Welcome to Parliament House, Sir," he looked like a host in his own home greeting a distinguished visitor.

I doubt that half the population of Australia has any idea of Mr Chifley's real personality.

The radio, which conveys only his voice, certainly doesn't get it over.

But he's a handsome, impressive figure, with that rock-like quality which you describe as calm or stubborn according to whether you're for him or agin him.

In ordinary conversation, his voice is a pleasant enough Australian drawl—though nobody, of course would ever mistake him for a B.B.C announcer.

When you express these opinions to those who haven't met him, they look as if they thought you were bolstering some build-up from an astute publicity officer.

* * *

WHEN, during the afternoon of the same day, the Governor-General paid an informal visit to the Press v. Parliament cricket match he had changed from his "swearing-in" suit, a dark grey, pin-striped model, to a lighter grey pin-striped model.

The dark grey one, new, of course, was impeccably tailored. But at the ceremony it was naturally outshone by the black Court dress of the Chief Justice, Sir John Latham, with its beautiful lace at throat and wrists, completed by wig and buckled shoes.

Not that I can blame Mr. McKell for sticking to a lounge suit. I should think it takes considerable aplomb to wear these fancy ceremonial garments.

* * *

MOTHERS, I hear, now have a new way of urging their young to be ambitious and succeed. It's a limerick that runs something like this:

"My child, you never can tell,
If you stick to your lessons well,
The political trend
May serve your end,
And you'll succeed like a very distinguished citizen
I could name."

* * *

BUT not everyone in Canberra was devoting all this thought to the new Governor-General.

Right under my nose at the table in the Post Office where I filled out a telegram lay a scrap of paper, evidently a rough copy of a telegram sent earlier by some citizen.

It read: "Come Thursday or Friday if possible. Milk plentiful."

And I had a talk in a shop with a man who had spent three years there.

I remarked that Canberra, of all places, seemed to have civic pride—gardens beautifully kept, and all that.

He didn't know, he said. Had I heard that Canberra was known as the city of the three B's—beer, babies, and bottles?

Why, there was always broken glass in the streets. And very dangerous for tyres it was. Furthermore, citizens thought nothing of riding their bikes across your front lawn.

"They're a terribly lawless lot up here," he concluded.

Interesting People

MISS ENID BELL

. . . lover of legends

FASCINATED by aboriginal legends of Coochin, Qld., where she was born and has spent all her life, Enid Bell has published them in her book, "Legends of the Coochin Valley." Three generations Australian on both sides of family, she says: "My main idea in writing this book was to get young Australians to see beauty, romance, in their native land. In Britain there are stories about every lake and mountain. I would like that to happen in Australia."

COLONEL J. A. VILLAMOR

. . . hero of Philippines

ORGANISATION of guerrillas behind Japanese lines during occupation of Philippines gained Medal of Valor, high Filipino award, for "Jess" Villamor, who led his country's delegation to meeting in Melbourne of Provisional International Civil Aviation Organisation. He is ace flier, fought off 100 enemy plane raids on his homeland. Says: "We are very airminded. All townships with over 20,000 people are connected by air in Philippines. Airlines operate 60 flights every day."

MRS. AMY KELSEY

. . . triumph in wheat

SLIGHT, bright-eyed, with a quiet, reserved manner, Mrs. Amy Kelsey, of British Columbia, Canada, is the first woman to be crowned "Wheat Queen" at the International Hay and Grain Show in Chicago. Mrs. Kelsey had to compete against hundreds of entrants to win the coveted first place, with her entry of Red Spring wheat. The winner of this contest is judged to have raised the best wheat in the world. The title of "Wheat King" has been won by Canadians every year since 1928.

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Fashion PATTERNS

More Royal frocks

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH, evening gown by Molyneux in white-and-gold printed chiffon. Sizes 32 to 42. Requires 6yds. 36in. wide material. Pattern, 2/8. Order No. 4606.

FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH, long dinner dress and fitted jacket by Hartnell, with border and cuffs embroidered in aqua diamente. Sizes 32 to 42. Requires 8½yds. 36in. wide material. Pattern, 2/8; transfer 2/-. Order No. 4607.

FOR PRINCESS MARGARET, simple afternoon dress in floral crepe by Molyneux. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. wide material. Pattern, 2/8. Order No. 4608.

FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH, afternoon dress by Hartnell in blue crepe trimmed with braid. Sizes 32 to 42. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. wide material; 3yds. braid. Pattern, 2/8. Order No. 4609.

FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH, afternoon dress by Molyneux in red-and-white printed crepe. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. wide, ⅜ yd. contrast. Pattern, 2/8. Order No. 4610.

FOR PRINCESS MARGARET, simple morning dress by Molyneux, in printed linen. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 3¼yds 36in. wide material. Pattern, 2/8. Order No. 4611.

FOR PRINCESS MARGARET, pale blue shantung pleated dress and matching jacket by Molyneux, with collar and cuffs in white organdie. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 6¼yds. 36in. wide material. Pattern, 2/8. Order No. 4612.

FOR PRINCESS MARGARET, lovely china-blue crepe frock by Hartnell, trimmed with white broderie anglaise. Sizes 32 to 38. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide material. Pattern, 2/8. Order No. 4613.

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Eighth Division repays Chinese friendship

First nurses from Malaya feel at home at Melbourne hospital

Chinese in Malaya were delighted at the magnificent gesture of the Eighth Division in founding the A.I.F. Malayan Memorial Nursing Scholarship, according to Alice Chia and Ooi Soh Im, the first two Chinese girls to arrive in Australia for training under the scheme.

The scholarship was founded in gratitude to the Chinese for their loyalty and heroism during the Japanese occupation of Malaya.

TWO PRIME MOVERS in starting the Nursing Scholarship, former prisoners of war Lieut.-Colonel S. A. F. Pond (right) and Mr. S. E. Adamson, were present when Alice Chia (right) and Ooi Soh Im called on Melbourne's Lord Mayor, Cr. Connelly (centre).

THE two girls, who recently started duty at the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, on the first stage of a two years' child welfare postgraduate course, will work in the poorest villages when they return to Malaya.

After a period at the Children's Hospital, they will continue their studies at the Presbyterian Babies' Home, the Kindergarten Training College, Melbourne District Nursing Society, and Victorian Bush Nursing Association.

The fund is to be a living memorial to the men who died in Malaya. It was originally planned by senior A.I.F. officers in Changi camp.

It now stands at £10,500, but the aim is to bring it to £20,000 to create a perpetual scholarship to provide postgraduate courses for four Chinese nurses every two years.

Alice and Ooi are enjoying settling in at the Children's Hospital.

"We already feel at home," Ooi explained, expressively wrinkling her nose, and inhaling air heavy with disinfectants.

"Hospitals everywhere have the same smell," she smiled.

"We have not left sweethearts at home," said Alice, dismissing the query with a hearty chuckle. "We have many friends, but nursing is a noble profession. Marriage has not engaged us. The question has not come into our heads.

"When we go back to Malaya we will impart the knowledge we have discovered here," she went on. "We will always explain to the poor village people when they are sick that we look after them with special skill so that they will remember the Australian soldiers who were their friends."

"We were always saying we must do something for the Chinese when it's all over," explained former prisoner of war Lieut.-Colonel S. A. F. Pond, recalling the origin of the A.I.F. Malayan Memorial Nursing Scholarship.

SINGAPORE mail occupies Alice Chia, who passes on home news to Ooi Soh Im over a milk drink in the snack bar at the Children's Hospital, Melbourne.

FRIENDSHIP develops between Chinese nurse Ooi Soh Im and 13-months-old Peter Cooper, while Alice Chia is busy making up his cot.

"Finally, when liberation came, Brigadier F. G. Galleghan, senior A.I.F. officer in Changi, called a meeting in a room under the big stone clock tower," he said.

Here the men who had thought of little but home for three years put aside the excitement of release to get down to the serious business of deciding how to discharge their debt to the Chinese who had helped them and how to keep alive to memory of dead comrades.

A committee comprising Lt.-Col. Pond, Major J. F. J. Cade, Capt. I. A. McGregor, Capt. C. S. Kinder, Sgt. C. S. O'Donnell, and Sgt. A. H. ("Chill") Blain, M.P., was appointed to decide on a suitable scheme.

Finally, after thrashing it out together, Major Cade hit on the idea of a Malayan Nursing Memorial Scholarship. Everyone decided it couldn't be bettered.

And now, 18 months later, in fulfilment of these pledges, Ooi Soh Im and Alice Chia are in Australia.

"They are the pioneers of a series of nurses," Col. Pond explained. "We want them to become confident and self-reliant, so that they will be able to work in outlying villages and slum districts like our own bush and district trained nurses.

"Chinese kiddies used to sidle up to our men on road gangs and slip them food, tobacco, and good cheer at the instigation of their parents," said Colonel Pond.

"Adults had to be more careful, but that did not deter them.

"As well as taking serious risks to keep up our morale, they helped in sabotage.

"One memorable venture was the laying of a pipe through prisoner-of-war camp wires encircling a petrol dump. Through the pipe leaked hundreds of gallons of petrol to Chinese outside the camp.

"They promptly disposed of it on the black market, and scrupulously returned half the proceeds to Australian confederates behind barbed wire."

"Our selection caused great excitement in Malaya, and when we were chosen we were so surprised and happy," the girls explained with solemn pride.

They were selected from more than 50 applicants, after an exhaustive survey by the Malayan selection committee, headed by the Australian Commissioner in Singapore, Mr. Claude Massey, and Sir Han Hoe Lim, a noted Chinese doctor, who was knighted for his work among prisoners of war during the Japanese occupation.

His daughter Mona, who a studying medicine at the Melbourne University, is a member of Matron-in-Chief A.A.N.S. Col A. M. Sage's committee responsible for making social arrangements for Chinese nurses who come to Australia under the Scholarship Fund.

"We will be too busy learning new things to want much entertaining," Alice commented, enthusiastically describing a lecture they had attended earlier in the day.

She already has 12 years' nursing experience to her credit.

After training at Singapore General Hospital, she later became a staff-sister at Kerdang Kerbau Maternity Hospital, which was a civilian central hospital during the war. Although a Japanese matron was in charge then, Alice was not singled out for any particular hardship.

Ooi was trained at Ipon Hospital. During the war she nursed civilian patients at the Kuala Kangsar British Hospital, which was controlled by a Japanese doctor.

"We were not allowed to speak to Australian prisoners," Alice and Ooi explained. "But whenever we saw them passing the hospitals or working on roads we would say to ourselves, 'It is only a matter of time.'"

Although Victoria was chosen as the first State to receive A.I.F. Malayan Memorial Nursing Scholarship winners, the plan is that future scholarship holders will take their courses in various States. In this way, Chinese nurses, when they return home, will be able to present a comprehensive picture of the Australian way of life, and explain to generations of Malayan Chinese to come why men felt it a country worth dying for.

So that even if tall bamboos thrust through Malayan earth, which once held a rough-hewn cross, the memory of fallen members of the Eighth Division will be evergreen in the hearts of the Malayan people.

SCIENCE IN THE NEWS

Atom-smashing may lead to cancer cure

By Dr. R. L. WORRALL

New science weapons are being turned against cancer. As yet, there is no cure beyond methods of treatment already in use. But atom-smashing physicists armed with powerful electrical machines have come to the aid of medical men.

RADIOACTIVE phosphorus is a product of one of these electrical machines — the cyclotron. Placed in a cyclotron, ordinary phosphorus is bombarded by particles of heavy hydrogen. These atomic bullets transform some of the ordinary phosphorus into radioactive phosphorus.

Now the peculiar feature of radioactive phosphorus is the way it disintegrates by emitting electrons. In 14 days, half of it has disintegrated in this way. That is why it has to be used without undue delay after being prepared in the cyclotron.

So much for the atomic weapon. What about its target? The main target is cancer. The idea is to let loose a suitable radioactive substance among the rapidly multiplying cells of a tumor. Inside the tumor, electrons or other radiations from the radioactive substance will damage and destroy tumor cells.

The question is, how can radioactive phosphorus be used to damage cancerous tissue without injuring the human body as a whole? In the case of leukaemia, nature helps to solve this problem.

Leukaemia is a disease in which the white cells of the blood grow riotously like cancer cells. This cell overgrowth occurs in the bone-marrow or in the lymph glands, which absorb phosphorus far more readily than other parts of the body. Much of the injected radioactive phosphorus therefore goes straight to the places where it is wanted to check the white-cell overgrowth. Within the bones and lymph glands, injected radioactive phosphorus destroys many white blood cells by bombarding them with electrons.

Cancer of the thyroid gland can be treated in similar fashion with radioactive iodine, since most of the iodine is absorbed like a sponge by the thyroid gland.

Again, a dose of the metal strontium settles mainly in the bones, therefore radioactive strontium is indicated for an experimental attack on tumors of bone.

All this work, however, is still in the stage of trial and error for cancer cases that are beyond surgical treatment. Early diagnosis and surgery form our main defence against cancer at the present time.

Another experimental method of using atom-splitting machines against cancer is the bombardment of tumor tissue by slow neutrons. (Neutrons are the particles which split uranium).

In 1939, Dr. P. G. Kruger, working with the University of California's cyclotron, sent a stream of slow neutrons on to tumor tissue which was growing in a solution of boric acid. The neutrons destroyed tumor cells, but only, it seems, in the presence of the boric acid!

Neutrons can actually be set free from the substance of living cells by certain X-rays. A new instrument of atomic physics—the betatron—produces X-rays of very short wave-length and correspondingly greater power of penetrating living tissue. Using a high enough voltage, these X-rays give rise to free neutrons in tumor or other tissue to which they are applied.

Very short wave-length X-rays from the betatron can also turn some of the elements of living tissue into artificially radioactive atoms. So it is possible that cancer will one day be treated by creating radioactive compounds within the growth, and letting these destroy the growth as a whole by their cell-damaging radiations.

How close are we to a solution of the cancer problem? That is impossible to say at the present time. What is clear, though, is the advance of new scientific forces against cancer. Physicists are coming to the aid of medical men in more ways than one. Sooner or later we shall know how to destroy cancer cells without damaging healthy tissue.

THIS is the first of a series of scientific articles which will be written for The Australian Women's Weekly by Dr. R. L. Worrall, M.B., Ch.M. (Sydney), D.P.H. (England, 1946), a member of the New South Wales branch of the British Medical Association, Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, and Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society.

After graduating with honors from Sydney University in 1926, Dr. Worrall was a resident medical officer at Sydney Hospital, and then did postgraduate work abroad.

Though not practising in Australia, he has published a number of medical works, and is a regular contributor to the "News Review," London.

Last year he worked with the health division of UNNRA in Europe as medical statistician of the epidemic-control branch.

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8 p.m.
EVERY WEDNESDAY
2GB
commencing 26th March
and from these Country Stations:—

2HR	8 p.m. every Wed. from 26th March
2CA	" " " "
2LT	" " " "
2AY	" " " "
2GN	" " " "
2PK	8 p.m. every Wed. from 23rd April
2MG	" " " "
2LF	" " " "
2GF	" " " "
2MW	" " " "
2AD	" " " "
2RG	" " " "
2MO	" " " "
2HD	9 p.m. every Wed. from 23rd April
2DU	8 p.m. every Sat. from 26th April
2WG	9.15 p.m. every Thu. from 24th Apr.
2BH	8.30 p.m. every Fri. from 25th April

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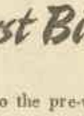

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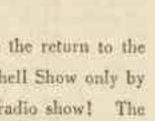

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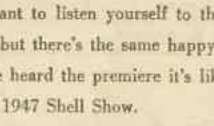

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE stars favor Arians, Leonians, and Sagittarians this week, and they should make every effort towards additional benefits and gains in life.

Aquarians and Geminians may also be fortunate with romance or domestic happiness this week, but Leonians and Aquarians should both guard against extravagance and over-confidence.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be diligent, and seek advancement and happiness now. Chances of success are high on March 27 (after 2 p.m.), 29 (to 10 a.m.), and 31 (after noon).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Best days this week are March 25 (after 11 a.m.), 26 (before noon), 30 (to 10 a.m. or after 6 p.m.), and 31 (forenoon). Seek modest advancements on these days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Modest ventures are favored on March 25 (evening), 27 (2 p.m. to 9 p.m.), 28 (midday hours), and 29 (to 10 a.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live cautiously now. Indiscretions bring later regrets. March 25, 26 (late), 27 (to 2 p.m.), 28, and 30 can all produce difficulties, so keep to routine tasks.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Keep busy now, and seek progress and gains. Make good use of March 27 (after 2 p.m.), 29 (to 10 a.m.), 30, and 31 (except dusk).

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): March 25 (noon to 10 p.m.), 26 (to noon), and 30 (to 10 p.m.) all slightly helpful in minor matters.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to October 24): Beware discord, losses, and disappointments now. March 27 (to 2 p.m.), 28, 29, 30, and 31 all difficult dates, so be cautious.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22): Finalise urgent matters soon. March 28, 30, and 31 (to noon) all quite helpful in minor matters.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Progress, change, and new happiness all possible now, so seek after them. Best days March 26 (to noon), 30, and 31 (except dusk).

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Live quietly for some weeks, as trouble is easy to find, especially on March 28, 37 (to 2 p.m.), and following days. Routine tasks advised.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Romance and happiness in store for many Aquarians now, but beware rashness. March 27 (2 p.m. to 10 p.m.), 28 (midday hours), and 29 (forenoon) all helpful.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Consolidate past gains, but new adventures are not advised at present. Favorable days this week are March 26 (to noon), 30 (to 10 p.m.), and 31 (to noon).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 3-16 (3-8 expire March 30, when 17-20 become available).
SUGAR: 81-88 (expire March 30, when 89 and 310 current).
BUTTER: 10-12 (expire March 30, when 13-15 become available).
MEAT: Black, 27-29 (expire March 30, when 30-32 become available); green, 25-31 (expire March 30, when 33-39 become available).
CLOTHING: Z57-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have climbed the icy slopes of Glass Mountain in search of beautiful, but foolhardy
MARSHA DALE: And her guide, who have disappeared. The mountain is supposed to be haunted by a ghost bear. This bear appears, and drags Mandrake and Lothar to the top of the mountain, leaving them outside Glass Inn. When they recover,
GRATZ: A sinister-looking man, tells them that he is the proprietor. He also says that they imagined the bear, and that Marsha and her guide are out walking. When the two are alone, Mandrake says that no one has ever mentioned Glass Inn to him. NOW READ ON.

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by **Prestige**

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Custody of the Dog

Continued from page 3

HENRY'S voice was jagged. "I suppose I have to get used to the idea that you belonged to another man before I met you. But I don't like to hear about it. He's been hanging round here an awful lot lately." He looked at his watch.

"It's after twelve," he said, "and I have a big day to-morrow. After we are married, I think we should fix the schedule so we can give Mr. Bones his last walk at ten-thirty."

He kissed her. "Jenny, you're yawning. Pop into bed and leave the door on the latch. I'll let Mr. Bones in quietly so he won't disturb you."

"That," said Jenny, "is just a dream. Ever since I've been—alone—Bones has the idea that he should sleep with me."

"That's the first thing I'm going to break him of." Henry put down his hat and took Jenny in his arms. Then, suddenly, he released her. "Go to bed, Jenny. I'll ring you in the morning."

Jenny was not sleepy. But she put the front door on the latch and took a mystery story into the bedroom with her. She did not hear Mr. Bones come in, but she had hardly met the corpse when there was an imperious scratch on her door. Jenny got out of bed and opened it. Bones, looking remarkably as if he were wearing pyjamas and carpet slippers, sauntered in and climbed up on the end of the bed.

He yawned three times and rolled himself into a ball. With smarting eyes, Jenny remembered that Jeff had called the position "Mr. Bones' poached-egg look." She bent down and dropped her head on him.

"I won't let you go," she whispered fiercely. "Nobody can make me."

The next morning, promptly at ten, Henry telephoned.

"I've just talked to Jeff. He is willing to have a conference about the dog, but he insists on your being present. I thought, if you were willing, that we might as well meet at the solicitor's. Then you can both sign all the final papers. Be there at five. I will get over there just as near that time as I can do it."

Jenny choked on her answer.

They had had one previous session, without Henry, at the solicitor's office. The lawyer, of course, was Henry's, but Jeff got on splendidly with him. This time Jenny, nervously prim, came in and found Jeff standing on a chair with his camera dangling open from a strap round his neck.

"I'm taking a shot of Mr. Hunt for the 'Law Journal,'" he said cheerfully. "You're just in time, Jenny. You can hold the light."

From long habit, Jenny meekly picked up the reflector and took a handful of flashlight bulbs. She stood, according to Jeff's directions, on a newspaper in a deep-cushioned leather chair and teetered perilously toward Mr. Hunt. The tableau, with Mr. Hunt looking legal and happy as its centre, was thus arranged when Henry arrived.

Jenny was aware that she was not being precisely dignified. But she was afraid to drop the lights. In real life Jeff was gentle as a lamb. But the minute he picked up a camera he became thoroughly domineering.

He worked fast, as usual. In a few minutes he had his camera and lights repacked in the equipment case and the three of them were spaced round Mr. Hunt's desk with Mr. Hunt facing them.

Henry started the discussion. He said firmly, in his best captain-of-industry manner, "This may seem trivial to you, Mr. Hunt, but the question of the custody of the dog has come up. My—er—future wife would like very much to have him."

Mr. Hunt took up his handsome onyx-trimmed pen and gravely put a dot on a piece of white paper in front of him.

"Nothing is too trivial to be discussed with me. I presume," he glanced at Jeff, "that you do not object to allowing your—er—present wife to have the pet?"

Jeff put his feet up on Mr. Hunt's solid walnut desk.

"You bet I do," he said clearly. "The dog stays with me, or else! I have Jenny and her Henry just about where I want them. She hasn't anything on me. I've led a highly moral life, I always brush my teeth, I've kept her in suits and hats. I'm the one who should get some settlement out of the mess. Well, I want Mr. Bones. No doggie, no divorcee."

Jenny stood up. "Take your feet off that desk, you show-off! Sit up like a man."

Jeff closed one eye and peered at Jenny with the other. "Why?" he said.

Jenny edged toward him. "Because," she said, "I'm going to hit you!" She drew back her hand and struck him hard across the cheek. Jeff did not move. But Henry jumped up and took Jenny by the arm and steered her firmly to where he had been sitting.

Jenny glared at Henry. "Well, you wouldn't hit him, so I had to."

Jeff's voice was languid. "You didn't need any help, kid. For such a little thing, you pack quite a wallop."

Henry cleared his throat. "Really, Jenny, that isn't a very satisfactory way to act. Jeff has done some compromising. Why don't you try to understand his point of view?"

"I've been trying to call you for an hour, Charlie. Quick! What did my horse do in the fourth at Aqueduct?"

"His point of view!" Jenny laughed nastily. "There isn't room in his head for a point of view to get in sideways. No, Henry, there is only one thing to do. I've made up my mind. I just won't get a divorce."

Henry sat down abruptly. He looked at Mr. Hunt piteously and, finding no encouragement there, straightened his shoulders. "Jenny, don't make such a mountain out of a molehill. What if Jeff does want Mr. Bones? Let him have him. I'll get you a good dog."

There was silence in Mr. Hunt's office. Heavy, explosive silence. Jenny's face was white. Mr. Hunt, eyes down, put three more dots on the piece of white paper and carefully connected them with straight lines. Jeff was watching Jenny.

She said firmly: "Thank you, Henry, but I think I'll keep Mr. Bones. He may not be a very good dog, but I'm not a very good girl, either. You run along and find yourself a couple of other people."

Henry jumped frantically to his feet. "Jenny, I didn't mean to offend you. I only thought—all dogs are alike, you know. You get fond of all of them. I'll get you any kind you want. You'll have an animal you'll be proud of. Please."

Jenny was speechless for a moment. Then very quietly she said, "Please go, Henry—and quickly."

Henry's hands dangled limply. His jaw sagged. "But you can't mean—"

"Don't be childish. I don't know how I stood it as long as I did. Whisky, dog walks on schedule, pretending you loved Bones. Henry Parlon, you're a two-faced bore. A good dog, my hat. Go away!"

Mr. Hunt methodically replaced his pen in the desk-stand in front of him. Failing to catch his eye, Henry turned pathetically toward Jeff, who by this time was loitering around the back of Jenny's chair. Jeff grinned sympathetically.

"You see how it is, old man. Jenny's not stable. I got thrown out the same way. I was away on a little business trip trying to earn some money so that my wife could buy pretty clothes, and what happened? Some sneaking rat began making passes at her and she dropped me like a dead mouse."

Henry had quietly picked up his hat. The door shut behind him.

Mr. Hunt crumbled the white paper into a ball and tossed it into the waste basket. "That's why I have a silencer on my office door," he said. "I suppose now — you won't care to go on with our little legal business?" He smiled at Jeff. "You send me those pictures and I'll call it square."

Jeff steered Jenny out of the office. In the street, he turned to her.

"Jenny, you might as well know that if worst had come to worst, I would have let you keep Bones. I know how you love him. It was only that—well, I love you, too, and I was trying every way I could to hold you. I—I've even been dickering with that city job, where I wouldn't have to do any more travelling round."

Jenny looked up at him. "You would do that for me?"

Jeff shrugged. "I'd do it for myself. I'm afraid to keep on being a travelling man. Too many wolves like Henry in the world."

"He was a stuffed shirt," Jenny said. "I don't know why I was such a little fool. But I was lonesome and I thought he would give me security. Security? I'd have been bored to death in two weeks. And he brought Bones all sorts of uplifting presents and he was disciplining him. I suppose he isn't really a good dog, but he has an understanding heart."

Jeff held out his hand. "Darling, stop standing there being beautiful and talking about Bones. Will you try me again?"

Tears surged into her eyes. It was five-thirty and most of the city was going home. Jeff and Jenny made a little island in the moving mass of people. Jenny drew close to Jeff. She put her head on his shoulder.

"Jeff, sweetheart, may I tell you something? I love Mr. Bones and he's wonderful, but—do you know why I had to hang on to him so hard? He meant you to me—careless, crazy, fascinating you."

Jeff grabbed her hard. "You don't know what I've been through. I didn't blame you any of the time. It was my fault. I'm going to be a lot better husband from now on."

Jenny lifted her head. "I didn't want a divorce. But you seemed to be taking it so calmly. You didn't make a fuss or——"

"Say, why don't you two hire a hall?" A small boy stood staring.

Jeff laughed, put one arm round Jenny's waist and swung her into a run. "We don't have to," he called back. "We're married. And we're going home."

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PRIME MINISTER'S WIFE, Mrs. Chifley, chats with Mrs. McKell, wife of the new Governor-General, at a tea party given by Mrs. Chifley at Parliament House in honor of Mrs. McKell.

WATCHING THEIR FATHER being sworn-in as Governor-General of Australia in the Senate Chamber of Parliament House, Canberra. Bill, Betty, and Pat McKell. Sir Leighton Bracegirdle official secretary to Governor-General, at left

ARRIVING AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE, Canberra, to be sworn-in as Governor-General of Australia, Mr. W. J. McKell arrives by Rolls Royce with Mrs McKell and members of their staff.

Intimate Gottings

CANBERRA getting back to normal now after brief flurry of swearing-in of Mr. McKell, our second Australian-born Governor-General. No party after official ceremony, and can't help wondering how Prime Minister Chifley fares without his favorite brew—a cup of tea.

Guests at ceremony, however, are presented to new Governor-General and wife afterwards as they stand on red carpet beneath King's statue in King's Hall. Then G.G. and his family drive out to their new home, gracious Yarralumla, for family luncheon.

• • •

AFTER the swearing-in and lunch, the McKell family posed for photographs in the gardens of Yarralumla. His Excellency must have had some hint of the long time the photographing was going to take and the long walks around the garden if entailed, because I noticed he changed into a comfy-looking pair of elastic-sided patent leather slippers.

• • •

DIPLOMATS and their wives are as usual colorful addition to the ceremony. Lots of admiring glances for beautiful newcomer to Canberra Mrs. de Ranitz, wife of the Dutch Charge d'Affaires. She is tall and youthful and wore a sleeveless grey dress and really lovely cherry-red velvet beehive-shaped hat plus the most perfect platina fox sling casually over one shoulder.

Dr. and Mrs. de Ranitz made a threesome with Mr. R. G. Menzies on one of the ruby-red upholstered seats of the Senate chamber during the ceremony.

Mrs. Robert Butler, wife of the American Minister, carried an unusual handbag of white macrame fashioned like a lunch-box.

BY the way, Mrs. Chifley tells me that that pipe of the P.M.'s is a great strain on her matches. When he is home at Bathurst it's a rare day when she can find a box in its proper place near the stove. Someone suggests she tie matchbox to stove, but Mrs. Chifley remarks that it would still be easy to remove contents!

• • •

ATTRACTIVE luncheon foursome at Prince's when Mrs. Bill Adams, Mrs. Mit Loneragan, of Mudgee, Betty Considine, and Marie Fagan lunch together. Betty has cute card she received from officer of the U.S.S. Cacapon, whom she met at party.

Card is a "certificate" of "The Frigid Order of the Golden Penguin," which reads: "To All Northerners, Wherever Ye All Be. This is to certify and declare that Roy Mitchell is a gentleman of the far, deep South and a member of the rare and exclusive Frigid Order of the Golden Penguin, having crossed the Antarctic Circle still going South."

RECEPTION at Killara Golf Club follows marriage of Lewis Parkes and his bride, formerly Dai White, of Pymble, at St. Swithin's, Pymble. Lewis was night fighter pilot in R.A.F., and since war has completed postgraduate course in architecture in England.

FORMER honorary secretary of the Women's Services sub-branch of the R.S.L., Lorna Charge chose All Saints' Church, Woollahra, for her wedding with Arthur Parkes, of Clarendon. Lorna's sister Fay and Arthur's sister Betty were bridesmaids, and John Parkes and Harold McDougall were best man and groomsman.

LEAVING KING'S SCHOOL CHAPEL, Peter Finley and his pretty bride, formerly Berrie Armstrong, with their attendants. Berrie's sister Lynette and Peter's brother, Dr. Geoffrey Finley. Berrie is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Armstrong, of Northwood.

RETURNING to Sydney on six months' leave is Judy Denniston, who arrives by the Marella to spend winter months in Sydney. Judy's mother, Mrs. W. Denniston, accompanies her for brief visit before returning to Singapore to get settled into bungalow there.

• • •

COUNTRY and interstate interest when John Beedham, Melbourne, and Hazel Cox, of Mudgee and Gordon, marry at St. John's Church, Gordon. Hazel is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Cox, of Mudgee and Gordon. Both bride and her husband are commercial artists.

DATES for your diary: Peter Pan Masque Ball at Romano's on April 8 . . . also on same date, St. Vincent's Hospital Trained Nurses' Annual Easter Ball in aid of Maternity Building Fund, to be held at Trocadero.

• • •

COUNTRY lasses Joan O'Halloran, of Tamworth; Clare Byrnes, of Manilla; and Lorna Veech, of Wellington come to town to attend 21st birthday party given by the Cyril Cahills, of Tamworth, for their daughter Betty. Betty, who is a trainee at St. Vincent's, chooses the Pickwick Club for her party.

Joyce

YOUNG COMMITTEE MEMBERS. Jill Younger (left) and Moira Finlay, who are members of the committee for Sydney Grammar School War Memorial fund dance, to be held at the Trocadero on April 1.

CANBERRA WEDDING. Lieut. and Mrs. Jock Salmon photographed after their wedding with attendants Lieut. Arthur Rofe (left), Lieut. David Engel, bride's sister, Jill Edwards, and Ann Nimmo. Bride, formerly Judy Edwards, second daughter of Canon and Mrs. W. J. Edwards, of Canberra Grammar School. Jock is member of N.Z Staff Corps, and leaves for Japan soon.

SYDNEY HOSTESS. Mrs. T. H. Kelly chats with Lieut.-Commander Hans Jung at party given at Australia Hotel to welcome officers of visiting U.S. Navy ships, U.S.S. Currituck, U.S.S. Henderson, and U.S.S. Cacapon, which are part of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition.

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Generations of troupers run the sideshows

Grandma Foster and her family have been 34 years on the road

By VICKI ANDERSON

In the dust and clamor of the sideshow area at the Sydney Royal Show this week, "Step this way, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the Greatest Show on Earth" will once again shatter your ear-drums from all sides.

According to the persuasive powers of the spruikers or the relentless grip of your kids, you may or may not find yourself in the queue at the nearest ticket box.

STAFF photographer Ron Berg and I, however, won't need any urging. We'll be right among the greatest shows and their promoters, relieving our minds of a set of curious worries we recently accumulated.

Things about which we've never previously cared a fig are now receiving a disproportionate amount of our concern.

Has the Royal tour in any way upset Uncle Alfie's bookings for the lion circus in Africa?

Will Peewee, the sick tiger snake, be well enough to go into the pit with 200 other snakes and Judea?

Did the snakes Fred was catching up north arrive by air in time?

Has Hitler's head been damaged again?

Did Nippo return to the flea fold?

It is, of course, all the result of getting a story and pictures backstage with sideshow people the day before the Newcastle show.

When Ron and I arrived at the Showground, we found the sideshow folk well settled-in; some of the women washing clothes or kids beside their caravans, cooking on primus stoves, other women helping their menfolk to erect their shows.

In dashing from "Giant and Midget Dogs" past "Wee Jenny the Little Princess" to "Goliath," we talked to fourth generation Australian showmen and show-women, uncovered a wealth of sideshow lore, caught something of the lure which keeps old-timers like 76-year-old Grandma Foster still on the road.

Because the life-story of this live-wire, peppery old lady is fascinatingly typical of that of most show people we met, we introduce Grandma first.

Grandma started out on the road 34 years ago, and to-day most of her children, her grandchildren, and even her two small great - grandchildren are to be found on showgrounds.

When Grandma's grandson Frank mentioned Uncle Alfie (one of Grandma's four sons), Grandma testily interpolated:

"Don't be silly, dear. Uncle Alfie's in Africa with that lion circus."

Grandma's father was a Welsh harpist who "just missed out on a medal against another competitor from Queen Victoria."

A professional singer to London theatre queues, "not a busker," Grandma at 17 met and married a contortionist, Isaac Foster.

When her husband died "through the effort sustained in eating upside down during his act," Grandma and her five children arrived in Australia.

There were Lally (18), Frank (17), Johnny (13), Alfie (7), and Francis (3).

At a little town in Victoria she bought a sheep with one centre horn and a freak duck, Lulu, with four feet.

When the sheep died, Grandma was left with Lulu, whom she began billing as "The girl you want to see, boys. You'll love her—she's a dear, she's a duck, she's a darlint."

"You might think that was a bit of a 'take,'" said Grandma, "but as you'll note, I was always careful to say, 'She's a duck.'

"Anyway, even if it was a take, I had five kids on my hands," she said aggressively.

Came times when the shooting-gallery started by the elder boys wasn't doing so good and Lulu became the main means of support.

Camped on the outskirts of a town near the camp of three drovers, Grandma awoke one day to find Lulu missing.

Searching for hours, she eventually found the remains of poor Lulu in the ashes of the drovers' camp-oven.

When the full shock of the tragedy hit Grandma she smashed up the oven, would have followed suit with the drovers had they not been able to run faster.

After the demise of Lulu, Grandma, like the majority of show-people, got an early start on "joints" (hoopla games) until her family began branching out with shows of their own.

With the help of Grandma's grandson, Frank, we tried to trace their careers.

"Uncle Frank took that monkey show to America, didn't he, Grandma?"

"Yes, dear, here's a picture of Mut—the mesmerised baboon."

"And Uncle Alfie went to Africa with the flea circus and . . ."

"The fleas were insured for £500, too," said Grandma thoughtfully.

"And Laddy had a variety show, and Dad was cutting the lady in halves about that time, and Auntie Frances had a carnival."

Uncle Lally, Uncle Frank, and his father, together with their children, would all be at the Royal Show this year, Frank assured me.

We found 57-year-old irrepressible Dave Meekin hoisting up signs for Ubangi, the African pygmy woman—"The Smallest Woman in the World. The little lady's jewels are insured for £1000, her legs for £5000.

Since the age of 16 Dave has handled hooplas, trained lions, trekked back and forth across the world in search of exhibits—all in the cause of the Greatest Show on Earth.

"Before the war I had agents overseas on the look-out for new possibilities for shows. Immediately I got their cable I'd set sail to see them, and if I liked what I saw I'd bring 'em back with me," said Dave.

"I chased Jang, the Tailed Boy, all over the East. Got to Bombay to find he was in Singapore, and arrived there to find he was somewhere else."

Dave eventually caught up with the ten-year-old, brought him back to Australia for an association which he counts one of the happiest in his career.

"He was a dear little fellow, not like some of the difficult customers you strike in this game.

"Take those Filipino fire-walkers I brought out here some years back. They were a pain in the neck. Once they cottoned on to Australian gambling games I couldn't do a thing with them.

"And as for Lee Fang Chang, the eight-foot giant, he was just a big nuisance. Had to pay a special interpreter to travel with us, too, but Lee Fang Chang didn't care; he just pleased himself when and where he showed.

"His only explanation was, 'I don't feel much like it to-day.'

"Jang was cute, though, and I remember how mad I got when I took Jang to the World's Fair in New York and I had to walk the streets trying to get him a haircut.

GRANDMA FOSTER'S GRANDCHILDREN rehearsing for their variety show. Frances (left), Frank (right), Alfie at the drums, and their mother, Mrs. Johnny Foster, in background with baby Carol.

"With Jang in the middle, me on one side of him, and my daughter Beryl on the other—Beryl's on the Tivoli, she's going on tour in Japan shortly—we'd walk miles trying one barber shop after another. But not one of 'em would cut his hair just because they took the little fellow for a negro.

"His hair was getting longer and longer, and we ended up finally at a Harlem barber shop."

Dave contends he initiated several types of shows which sideshow newcomers imitated.

"I brought out the first real midget horse—you remember, Wee Jimmy, from Buenos Aires, back in 1935? I had Wee Jimmy shod in gold, cost me £78.

"I brought out the first Indian Abdullahs—you know, the men who make a mango tree grow before your eyes."

Incidentally, this tour with Ubangi was Dave's thirteenth trip to Africa.

During this tour "the little lady," as he calls Ubangi, raised £32,000 for war funds.

Sitting forlornly on a box of tiger-snakes and pythons, Ram Chandra, the Indian Cobra Boy, was sorry he didn't have any cobras to show us. We begged him not to concern himself.

"The law forbids their importation," he murmured, "but I have one cobra preserved in a bottle."

Ram's tentmate, Reg. Cusko, was more concerned about the question of ice than cobras.

He has to keep "1600lb. of ice from thawing away from Celeste, the Canadian Ice Girl, as she lies buried in her ice tomb at the Royal Show."

"Once, when playing Celeste in Western Queensland, we had to freight-train the ice 200 miles," said Reg.

Unusual setting for Celeste and her ice tomb recently was in the centre of the Nullarbor Plain.

"With Ram Chandra we stopped off to give a show to 200 rabbit-trappers. The rabbit-trappers' refrigeration plant supplied the ice. Ram hunted up a few deathadders from nearby haunts, and the show went on," said Reg.

Mark Clark, of the Flea Circus, implored us to stop people sending him dog fleas.

"Dog fleas are absolutely no use—they must be sand fleas or common hoppers."

Mark says the Flea Circus, which originated in Germany, is the oldest type of circus in the world.

"We've had fleas in our family for 70 years."

"If you're ever tangled with a python, the thing to do," says Judea Wade, opening up a wicker basket and drawing forth a python or two, "is to grab its tail and break about six inches off it."

Judea's husband, Fred, has been catching and showing snakes all over Australia for 33 years, but Judea has been only two years in the pit.

"When Fred was bitten in the pit during a show at Kingaroy, somebody had to carry on the show, so I just jumped into the pit and put the snakes and pythons through their paces," says Judea.

Inside a steel-barred cage, Richard Suter, lion worker of 26 years, took his head out of a lion's mouth to assure us that this was the first time in half a century that "the head in the lion's mouth" act had been done in Australia.

"Only two others did it up to that time. Strangely enough, they both died of heart failure."

Richard says he belongs to "the tame lion act, where you use kindness and encouragement with your lions" school, as distinct from "the wild lion act, where you use whips and prongs to frighten the animals into obedience" school.

"I want Judo and Baby here to love me and feel I'm their friend," he said, as Judo shook his mane and cuffed the trainer on the back of the neck.

Richard Coeur de Lion is hoping his wife, who nursed Judo and Baby as cubs, will be able to appear in his act at the Royal Show. Ron and I hope so, too.

In fact, as I said before, it's only one of the many various intimate family matters we feel we must check up on when our sideshow friends hit town.

(See photographs of sideshows on pages 20 and 21.)

SHOWMAN for the past 40 years, Dave Meekin has travelled widely in search of exhibits—will present Ubangi, the African pygmy woman, at the Show.

Trials of entrepreneurs

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"This way for the Greatest Show on Earth"

[Story on page 19]

SEVENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD Grandma Foster, in Australian sideshows for 34 years, watches great-grandchild Terry doing "splits" outside her caravan.

WEE WALLA WALLA, billed as "Smallest Trotting Pony in World," beside Pauline Tierney. Right: Walla (6 hands) with Brown Silk (16 hands).

RICHARD SUTER, lion worker for past 26 years, puts his head in the lion's mouth, claims this is the first time the feat has been done in Australia for half a century. — Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG.

OUTSIDE CARAVAN Mrs. George Neville and her [illegible] at show. Son Ray also spends his leisure time [illegible]

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CUTABLE EAST. Indian Cobra Boy Chandra wraps pythons, tiger and snakes around his turban for "hoopla" act. Ram catches his North and Central Australia.

ter Siddy make dolls for sale board for his hoopla gallery.

WAXWORKS showman William Scott repairs damage to Neville Chamberlain's head. Will says heads cost him "£60 a piece."

SNAKE-PIT GIRL Judea Wade leaves her 200 snakes temporarily to exercise one of her pets, a monitor lizard from New Guinea.

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Speak to Me of Love

Continued from page 4

IT was during the third week in July that the encounter at the florist's took place. The major had sent his wife an anniversary bouquet, and had stood at the counter next to the captain, who was being very precise and finicky about his order. If that meant anything——

McQuillen wasn't certain that it did, but, on the whole, he was inclined to base some faint hopes on it. Flowers indicated women, and women represented Stevenson Wright's stock in trade. So at ten-forty-two, with no chance to look up the lieutenant again, even if he had wanted to, McQuillen caught the first train north.

A day or two after he got back, he sent her a box of chocolates and a book, then was too busy to think about her again.

At the florist's he got what he was looking for—a list of three captains who had left orders there during the third week in July. Two of them were legitimate; the other, who had signed another name than Stevenson Wright, but for whom McQuillen could obtain no military record, had sent his flowers to a Miss Felice Rosario.

That looked pretty much like it, particularly when Felice Rosario proved to be a small, dark girl who worked as hostess in a dance hall, and had just achieved a comfortable settlement in a breach-of-promise suit.

They considered those details at headquarters for the better part of a morning; then they decided that McQuillen, presentable enough, an excellent dancer, and a man who was never at a loss for words, might be expected to carry on from there without too much trouble.

They were quite correct. Felice Rosario was not hard to know. She liked McQuillen from the beginning and she displayed that liking openly and ardently, with no proper sort of restraint.

At first it was not unpleasant to reflect that, when he tried, apparently he had plenty of attraction for the opposite sex, but at the end of a month McQuillen found that his first adolescent smugness had gone.

Every working night it was the same. He had to let her kiss him; he had to utter fantastic and ever-loving sentiments. He thinned out under the strain; he developed nerves; he couldn't sleep, and he began to shy like a wild horse every time a girl—any girl—looked at him.

But still he went up to the Chinese Gardens Ballroom three or four times a week, despite his sullen and outraged protestations, because when things had quietened down there was a good chance that William Frederick Stevenson Wright might show up again.

Then, one afternoon, when the thing had gone on for two months and was promising to go on forever, he walked into headquarters and found the lieutenant waiting for him.

This time she wore civilian dress in place of the uniform.

"I got my discharge last week," she explained. "So"—she shook her head, and looked up at him with a bright but somewhat uncertain smile—"here I am. And I'm sure you don't remember your promise to show me around some day."

McQuillen did not, as a matter of fact. But he was so inordinately pleased to see her—very stylish in a smartly cut suit and small hat—that his denial carried every appearance of truth. He spent two hours showing her through headquarters; he told her to drop in again on Monday morning, and later on during the week, when he had a night off from the Chinese Gardens Ballroom, he invited her out to dinner and a show.

After that he decided that he liked her a lot. She was quietly behaved instead of being kittenish; she didn't pat his face; she didn't fuss around with his tie; when she said good-night, she only gave him her hand in the easiest and most unaffected way possible.

Every time he went out with Felice Rosario he appreciated the lieutenant more—a sensible girl, he thought her, levelheaded, practical.

But because he still thought of her as a lieutenant, seeing her all clean and shining, as it were, in a world that Felice Rosario could not possibly know, he never put his arm around her, he never tried to kiss her; he went out with her four times before he so much as called her "Margaret."

The night he did, when they were walking over to her married sister's for a Sunday evening bridge game, it developed easily enough during one of his outbursts of good-humored expansiveness. As long as they were together, McQuillen informed her genially, it never seemed to make much difference where they went or how they passed the evening. They always enjoyed themselves.

"Now, that's a manly and honest admission," the lieutenant declared. "Just the sort of thing a girl likes to hear, wouldn't you suppose? It was a compliment, wasn't it?"

"All right," McQuillen said, a bit dogged about it, now that he was trapped—a bit solemn, too. "Say it was. You might be the kind that deserved it."

"What?" the lieutenant demanded incredulously. "Oh, no! This isn't the Harry McQuillen I seem to remember. It couldn't be. What in the world has come over you tonight?"

McQuillen, who had not anticipated any development of this sort half a minute ago, found himself muttering in a husky but controlled voice that he thought she should be able to work out the remark for herself.

"Really," the lieutenant said, putting out one hand toward the bell beside her. "That's a mysterious declaration to make. I don't know whether I quite understand it."

DESPERATELY struggling to overcome the huskiness in his voice, McQuillen said, "It's what I've been thinking about lately, Margaret. I've got a little money in the bank, and a fair sort of job. Say you liked me at all, say you could put up with me even——"

"What?" the lieutenant repeated, softly this time. "Are you actually——"

But just then a middle-aged fat man walked into the elevator with them and got off with them on the fourth floor. And after that there was, of course, no opportunity to pursue the subject—not at first but then, almost as soon as the greetings were over, the lieutenant walked through to the bedroom, and called her sister in casually after her.

Presently, they came out; the lieutenant very calm and the sister saying something offhand about a new baby upstairs that she and her husband wanted to see—smiling briefly at McQuillen, too, and taking in his suit, shoes, haircut, and general expression with such a sharp and appraising scrutiny that he understood at once what had transpired in there.

The husband was a little surprised, but the lieutenant and the sister got him out fast. After that, the lieutenant touched a match to the fire in the grate, turned out two of the three lamps, switched on the radio softly, and nestled down on the couch with her legs tucked in under her.

"There," she said. "That's much more comfortable, isn't it?"

"Much more," McQuillen agreed. "Have you thought any more about what I said downstairs?"

The lieutenant admitted that she had; it wasn't every night that a girl got proposed to. Not that she thought that he had been at all serious about it.

"You don't ask a girl to marry you—not out of a clear sky," she said. "You never—oh, fussed over me, Harry. You never—well, tried to kiss me. So how——"

"Maybe I didn't," McQuillen said grimly, vividly recalling Felice Rosario. "But do you ever think that there's a lot of difference in girls? One kind you talk a lot of rubbish to because that's all they understand. Well, I could tell you what that means, if I wanted to. I could tell you——"

"Please do," the lieutenant said. Her voice was much sharper than it had been; her lips were compressed. "I'm sure I'd be tremendously interested. I'm sure all your old friends are just perfectly fascinating."

McQuillen understood that this wasn't going the right way at all. He said rather desperately, "Listen, Margaret! With someone like you——"

"Oh, yes!" the lieutenant said. "With someone like me!" Her eyes were scornful and her voice rang with indignation. "That's a fine thing to tell anyone you pretend to care about! Do you take me for a fool?"

No, McQuillen said; no, he didn't. He just wanted ——

"Or perhaps," the lieutenant said, uttering a short and icy laugh. "I'm not the romantic type. So because you mumble something or other in a hallway, I'm supposed to be so thrilled——"

McQuillen got out something furtive and wretched, something about respect. Couldn't she understand that there were some girls——

"Some girls?" the lieutenant said. "Respect?" Her voice got dangerously high.

"Do you know what you're talking about? I can tell you something right now, Harry McQuillen—I'm not your maiden aunt! Perhaps you can just kiss me now or else! And if you can't quite bring yourself to go that, if it's so distasteful to you, I think you'd bettter get up and march right out of here! Is that perfectly plain?"

It was, even if McQuillen had not followed the argument all the way. But, of course, it had happened in a very different fashion from that in which he had expected it to happen. He did his best; he put his arms around her and whispered her name twice in the approved traditional manner. She was angry, but she responded in the traditional way, too. She closed her eyes. She waited.

The radio was on low—something familiar. Just as he bent toward her, he recognised the song for one Felice Rosario had hummed all last evening in his ear. He jumped up, everything red in front of him, as if he had been hit on the back of his skull. The lieutenant, unprepared and suddenly unsupported, fell sideways with a small, feminine cry on to the couch cushions.

"Every night," McQuillen declaimed savagely, pounding one fist through the air in an insane sort of gesture, "every night I have to listen to that slop! Every night I have to pretend I believe in it! Wherever I go, whatever I do——" He stopped and lit a cigarette with shaking fingers; the lieutenant straightened herself.

"A little jumpy," McQuillen said, giving her a ghastly sort of grin. "Worked up, understand? There's a girl——"

"An old friend," the lieutenant said.

Her tone warned him. The moment he heard it he knew what he had to do—get back, get back fast, to where they had been a little while ago. Perspiring, everything twisted up inside him, he sat down again and stroked the tips of her fingers.

"Margaret," he croaked thickly. It was absurd. As soon as he spoke McQuillen knew it was absurd.

The lieutenant knew it, too. The lieutenant said, "Take your hands off me." She said it quietly, but as if she meant it.

McQuillen affected surprise; McQuillen made one last attempt to be cheerful and unconstrained. "What's the matter?" McQuillen wanted to know. "Is something wrong now?"

"That's . . . quaint," the lieutenant said. "What could be wrong?"

"I don't know," McQuillen said.

Please turn to page 24

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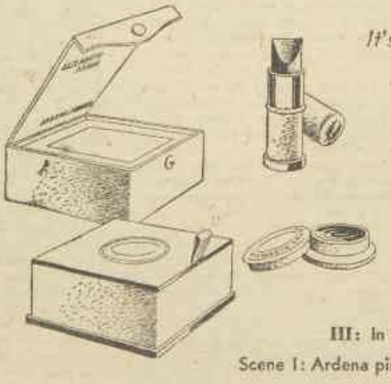

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Speak to Me of Love

Continued from page 22

WHIRLING upon him almost fiercely, the lieutenant said bitterly, "There's a lot you don't know, Harry McQuillen. Your sort—"

"My sort?" McQuillen repeated after her. "Wait a minute now, will you? I only wanted to tell you about a girl I had to ——"

"You're not going to tell me anything about anyone," the lieutenant said. Her voice never changed inflection. "Not now. Did you think I was going to quarrel with you tonight? Is that what you wanted, really? Is that what you're glowering for?"

"Glowering?" McQuillen asked her with his first touch of heat. "That's pretty rich. It was you made all the fuss about how I had to kiss you. That was your idea, not mine."

"You just keep quiet now, Harry McQuillen." The lieutenant's voice was shaking for the first time since McQuillen had known her. "Do you hear?"

"I hear the smartest idea you've had lately," McQuillen informed her bitterly. "Keep quiet, should I? Right. And if you——"

There was a lot of noise at the hall door—the sister and the brother-in-law announcing themselves coyly. McQuillen smoothed his face out; the lieutenant sprang up and declared in a brittle voice that they had to run. A phone call—for Harry.

The sister didn't believe her. After one glimpse at the lieutenant's face the sister gave McQuillen a suspicious and menacing look. But they went out together as soon as the lieutenant got her things.

Then, on the way out, McQuillen began to see darkly how this had all come about. First he'd been scared of the uniform; and then, just because of Felice Rosario he had let her walk all over him.

He saw it so clearly that he grabbed her arm with one hand and signalled to a taxi with the other.

He said between his teeth: "I've got something to show you, the thing I was trying to explain for half an hour up there. Now you're going to take a look at it, whether you want to or not. Got that straight?"

Perhaps she had. She didn't protest; she didn't seem to hear when he told the driver where to take them, and all the way into town she kept her face turned away from him, to the window. Even when they got out at the Chinese Gardens she went along quietly, up the stairs past the gate on to the dance floor.

There McQuillen looking ugly muttered a word to her and peered around for Felice Rosario.

It was one night when he had no thought of William Frederick Stevenson Wright; indeed, when he saw him hovering gallantly over a black evening dress near the hostesses' chairs, McQuillen could not remember for a moment who he was. After that moment, however, everything dropped into place, since the photograph they had down at headquarters was an excellent likeness.

Releasing the lieutenant's arm, moving quickly away from her and edging past half a dozen intermediate couples without ceremony, McQuillen walked up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder.

Not too quickly, not too slowly either, William Frederick Stevenson Wright turned, faced him, noticed, apparently, his glittering eyes, and threw one rapid glance over toward the door.

"Yes?" he said. He was extremely courteous. "Are you——"

The lieutenant had followed in a daze. She was close by McQuillen now, so was Felice Rosario, but both girls were forgotten as his fist lashed out savagely at the captain.

He hit him again with a solid left hook, as he was falling. Even then he was just a thought too slow about it. The first bullet came through the pseudo-captain's left pocket and ripped into the floor between them; the second whined up past the tip of McQuillen's left ear.

Felice Rosario began to scream. McQuillen's name over and over, both her hands flattened against her cheeks. Hearing her vaguely, very much annoyed by her, because she was stupid enough to think she was the cause of this, McQuillen slipped past, kicked the captain's gun away from him, and in one swift gesture twisted the captain's arm far up between his shoulder-blades.

That was it, because at the end these things were always accomplished deftly, in a moment or two after all the waiting.

They took the captain away in a police car, and some girls got around Felice Rosario and led her into a dressing-room to have hysterics. Of course, the lieutenant was all right—well-behaved, sensible, waiting for McQuillen when he bounced back to her from the departing police coupe.

"You think that wrapped him up?" McQuillen demanded, his eyes still glittering. "The minute he started hunting for the door, I guessed he was going to pull the gun on me. It wasn't— Oh! Did you get a look at Carmen?"

"You had to do it all by yourself didn't you?" the lieutenant asked him. "You couldn't phone in for someone to help you—not Harry McQuillen. That would have been——" She paused. "Who?" she said.

Himself again, unable to recall in detail the nature of some little difference they'd had lately, McQuillen explained what course headquarters had decided upon when he brought them the news about William Frederick Stevenson Wright. He left out some of the details, shrewdly he thought, though I was a question whether the lieutenant was taken in at all.

She sniffed once or twice during his recital; when he had finished she snapped her bag open and then clicked it shut again venomously without taking nything out.

"I suppose you thought you were the most wonderful thing," she said. "I just know you went around smirking and bragging to everyone about how irresistible yo were."

"Me?" McQuillen asked, genuinely surprised and pained. "You never want to think anything like that. I know at your home I couldn't stop thinking about all the goo she threw at me—the perfume she used, the dopy baby names she used to call me, the way she'd—— Well was that because I liked her?"

"I don't know," the lieutenant said. "Come over here." McQuillen said, drawing her up after him behind the stairs that led up to the Chinese Gardens. "Do you want to know what the routine was? I have that down pat now, if you do. I kiss you a few times and tell you how much ——"

"Don't be funny," the lieutenant said. "I suppose you think you can talk your way out of anything. Very masterful now, aren't you?"

"Very," McQuillen murmured, not denying it, because he knew that this was the time, now or never. It was too. At least McQuillen felt satisfied. Kissing her was very nice, and very different, certainly, from what it had even been with Felice Rosario; then, besides, in the end the lieutenant was the only one that got flustered.

"Dopy baby names," she said presently. "You never finished that part of your story. Just what did she call you? I want to know."

"Itty boy," McQuillen said, sober as a judge, because he had realised suddenly that the simple and literal truth was about the only thing she'd never believe. "Hugguma. Her dwear big beautiful——"

The lieutenant took his arm firmly. "You shut up," the lieutenant said.

(Copyright)

Opened by Mistake

Continued from page 5

VIRGINIA paused in her reading, the letter clutched tightly in her hand, struggling to control a sudden surge of emotion that was sweeping over her. Then she swallowed convulsively and went on reading.

"But I had to clear something away called Nora. I wouldn't let the faintest cloud menace the long beautiful day I could see ahead.

"We had been sweethearts, as you knew. And I had a sort of hangover—the kind I didn't like. I kept remembering how pretty she used to be. I was remembering her youth and my early youth. She was nothing like the thing that bothered me when I thought about her.

"So here was a situation—a predicament. Here I was head over heels in love with you, and at the same time haunted by memories of 'Schooldays, schooldays, dear old golden rule days.'

"Well, if you want to clear away an illusion, you've got to replace it with something—replace it with a fact. And the fact was that she bored me to death. And every time I saw her, that fact became clearer. So I kept on seeing her, and she had just about effected a permanent cure when you found out about it, and since then you know.

"Of course, I should have told you. But I was afraid you wouldn't understand. I didn't quite understand it myself.

"You said I was still in love with her. Well, you were right about so many things that I suppose you were right about this, too. So I'm in love with her. I can't have you, but I might as well marry the woman you're sure I'm in love with.

"It should be about seven when you read this letter. In half an hour Nora arrives. How does it feel to be a matchmaker? You might tell me by ringing up. I'm here, waiting—for Nora.—Philip."

Virginia dropped the letter on the couch, walked round the room three times, and found herself in front of the piano. But she went on to the phone.

She missed on the first dialling, almost made it on the second, and heard his voice at the other end on the third.

"Yes?" he said.

Now, if she could find the exact word—the perfect word. After all, she hadn't spoken to him for two years. She had it! "Whee!" she said.

They were in a taxi, driving to Virginia's favorite restaurant—a place where they knew how to cook.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I'll have to go back to the flat for a moment. I've forgotten all about poor Donald. And I must look for a flower barrow. I want a big bunch of beautiful flowers."

"For Donald?" Philip asked.

"Not for Donald," she said.

They found a barrow outside a railway station, and then went back to her flat. They walked to the telephone desk.

"I want to leave a note for Mr. Donald Wickard," Virginia said. "He'll be here at any moment."

The girl at the switchboard answered a little fearfully: "Yes, Miss Horner."

Virginia took the pad and scrawled a message. It was a simple message. All it said was "No. No. No." She put it in an envelope and handed it to the girl. Then she took the flowers from Philip's arms. "And these are for you!" she said, thrusting the flowers at the girl.

The huge bouquet almost covered the desk, and Philip and Virginia were outside and in the taxi before the mystified girl could think of anything to say.

"What was the idea?" asked Philip.

"I didn't want to tell you," she said, as she snuggled close to him. "Do you know why I opened that letter?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," he said.

"Well, it had been opened before I got it, so I couldn't send it back."

"I see. Of course. Naturally," he said.

"And do you know who opened it?" she asked.

He was watching the streets, not looking at the girl beside him.

"Who?" he asked.

Now she was triumphant. "That darling at the telephone desk!"

"You don't say," he murmured.

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Carolyn Earle's Advice

These are the sort of questions that my readers ask me; perhaps the answers will help with problems that have bothered you.

Dear Carolyn Earle, Won't you please tell me—

ON GOOD LOOKS

Q—I am quite young, and I have grey hair down the back of my head; I am quite worried about my grey ringe—what can I do about it?—P.V.T.

A—I'm really amazed at the number of quite young girls—17, 19, and 20-year-olds—who write about greying hair. To date there is no direct "cure" for grey hair; no chemical, no hormone, no vitamin. Medical experiments with Vitamin B facts as the almost-answer to the whole problem are still in progress and results are interesting.

To put it simply, it seems fair to assume that pigmentation is controlled by the thyroid and adrenal glands which can be made inactive by dietary deficiency; any such deficiency the Vitamin B groups are said to fill, and scores of people testify to having tried it with excellent results.

Natural food sources of the anti-grey factor are liver, brewer's yeast, whole wheat, wheat bran, rice bran, rice polishings, and unrefined cane molasses; also good sources are egg-yolk, peanut butter, peas and beans, salmon, and even the old potato.

As with all other vitamin deficiencies, the road is a long one, and you can't expect quick action; but there is the comfort, you can't eat enough of any "B" Vitamin to do any harm. So actually you cannot lose—takers of Vitamin B invariably feel better for the taking, and if the anti-grey vitamin keeps those grey hairs at bay or banishes the ones you now have, it's pure gain.

Q—Why is it some girls have small busts and others don't? Is it lack of exercise or some glandular trouble?—Melbourne.

A—Formation of the bosom is determined by your glandular system, and in this day and age gland treatments can often remedy a too-small or too-large bust. Have a talk with your doctor, anyway, to put your mind at rest.

Apart from that, if your problem is not so acute, correct massage and proper breathing exercises, slowly and carefully done, will help. Bust development is a slow process, though, and you must not be impatient.

Write me if you would like details.

Q—My beauty problem is a rather peculiar one, and rather noticeable—my neck has gone very brown.—E.G.C.

A—Discoloration of the skin on the throat and neck is quite an ordinary problem. Neck skin is naturally a few shades darker, anyway, and you want to pay special attention to whipping up the circulation.

Always a thorough cold water splashing after warm washing, vigorously drying with a towel in upward sweeping circles, and an occasional throat pack, either a specially prepared one that you can buy at most chemists or salons, or a cucumber pack, is useful for your purpose. To make it yourself, take the juice of one cucumber, add a few drops of witch hazel, and enough magnesia powder to make a thin paste. Clean the skin thoroughly with cold cream, making sure that every bit is thoroughly removed, then apply the paste to the clean, dry surface, leaving on for 15 minutes. Remove with three tepid towels, followed with cold water splashing.

Q—My problem is a very large bust. Surely there must be some way I can reduce it.—Margaret.

A—An all-over slimming routine is usually the drill required for reducing a heavy bustline; in the general process of reduction the bust comes down in measurement to harmonise with the figure, as underarm and back fat disappears.

Meanwhile a well-fitted bra with a deep diaphragm section, if necessary, is almost a "must."

Cold-water dousing after the bath, or a fairly firm flow of cold water from a hand spray has a firming action, and a cologne spray while the skin is still moist will condition the skin. After that intelligent, supervised dieting, plus exercise.

Q—I have ugly big freckles on my shoulders—can you give me some advice as to how I could remove them? Also I would like to get a little fatter, and would like you to recommend some fattening foods.—Freckles.

A—I'm afraid there is no way of "removing" freckles; bleaching will lighten them up a bit (try equal parts lemon juice, peroxide, and witch hazel, or two parts peroxide, one part ammonia), but there is little to be gained by bleaching when the sun is hot and strong. Otherwise protect your skin with a sun-proof lotion and plenty of powder, keep out of direct rays as much as possible, screen yourself off with long sleeves, scarves, and shady brims.

In make-up try a powder base matched to the deeper gold of the freckles rather than the pink and white underneath. Peach or rose rachel powder.

Here are some of the fattening foods: Thick soups, milk and malted milk drinks, biscuits, cakes, pastries, jams, puddings, chocolates, custards, thick sauce, pork, bacon, ham, sardines, fresh or tinned salmon, herrings, all fried foods, white breads, artichokes, swedes, turnips, green peas, broad beans, lentils, potatoes.

Q—My bugbear is open and enlarged pores around the nose and across the top of the cheeks. Otherwise my skin is quite good and of the normal variety.—L.H.W.

A—Probably all your skin needs is a thorough cleansing, plus a course of astringent treatments to keep the pores closed. Do this—wring out a piece of cotton-wool in hot water and hold over the affected areas; while the skin is hot and the pores relaxed quickly and thoroughly cleanse with a light cream or something like liquid paraffin. Repeat several times—not to the point of irritation, but until you are sure all the grease and powder are out. Finally close the pores with plenty of cold water or a very mild astringent. Repeat as often as possible daily, always using a good astringent to close the pores.

Avoid using cream of any sort on those areas temporarily, and when you do revert to it be sure it is not a heavy one. As a rule, complexion milk or a heavy calamine lotion is better than foundation creams in case of enlarged pores.

Q—I have superfluous hair just above the lip. I've been told if I pull a fair hair out a black one will come up in its place. Is this right? I've thought of ray treatment—do the hairs come back after ray treatment.—V.M.

A—I don't believe there is any scientific basis for the theory that when you tweeze out a fair hair a black one comes in its place. Hair becomes coarse with age, otherwise quality and color should not be affected.

Expertly administered electrolysis is the only sure method of removal, and occasionally it is necessary to have more than one complete treatment.

Painful? They say not, but much depends on the hair growth and the staying-power of the patient; women are usually very good about these things, though.

In your particular case it seems to me a wax depilatory would be sufficient. You buy a small pan of the wax from almost any large salon, heat it over boiling water and paint it on warm to the skin where hairs appear, stripping it off with one quick jerk when cool and hard.

Hurts for a second—enough for a wince, but not a whimper, and is most efficient. Fortnightly applications of wax are usually enough for immaculateness, and regular wax use weakens the growth progressively.

This gracious Hollywood beauty will be seen shortly in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "A Woman Of My Own."

FILM-STAR LOVELINESS FOR YOU!

Don't envy Greer Garson's breath-taking beauty — have it yourself by taking active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap.

Even lovelier off the screen, Greer Garson has that rare beauty combination—copper-red hair and sea-green eyes off-set by clear, transparent skin. And Greer Garson uses Lux Toilet Soap — the complexion care of Hollywood's loveliest stars. Try active-lather facials with this pure, white soap yourself! Each night and morning pat in the rich, creamy lather. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Tests prove that 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a short time with this simple care.

The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars!

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"A Godsend to us"...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what **a godsend they have been to us.** My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and **was in bed for nearly a year.** I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS *come from all corners of the Empire*

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.

MENTHOIDS
are a product of
BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES,
Sydney

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the **cause** of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.

Pressure on back indicates area affected by germs and poisons, causing backache.

Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints.

In such cases as these Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

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What's on your mind?

Voting, not by zones but groups

I CANNOT help feeling that, for true democracy, the members of the State Parliament should be chosen and elected in an entirely different way.

Instead of having M.P.s to represent various zones of the community, why not have a teacher to represent all the teachers in the State, elected by teachers from among themselves?

A housewife would represent the housewives, a farmer would represent his fellow country men, an engineer would be chosen by engineers, and so on.

In this way the members of Parliament would have a proper knowledge and sympathy with the problems of the section of the people which they represent.

Further, they would be truly representative of their constituencies. Under the present system the member represents a section of the people bounded by purely geographical boundaries.

Each M.P. would have individual responsibility in the matter of voting.

I feel that the advantages to be gained by the introduction of such a system would more than offset the obvious difficulties.

£1 to Mrs. E. McGibbony, 35 Beach St., Caulfield, SE8, Melbourne.

Second thoughts

WHY do we not cultivate a habit of saying the thing that gives most pleasure? I'm quite sure we would not only make ourselves much happier, but make others happy, too.

Going down the main street of our little town I met a pretty girl. Drawing close to me she said: "I hope you are not looking at my dress. I know it's very short, but it shrunk in the wash. I've been feeling dreadful imagining everybody looking at me."

I had not noticed it, and when I looked was about to say: "Why did you wear it if it gives you so much worry?"

On second thoughts I said: "Never mind, my dear, perhaps lots of women seeing such a pretty girl in a short frock might begin to wonder if their own frock is just a little out of date and rather long. They might be envying your ability to wear such a short dress and still look nice!"

The change in the girl's face was sufficient reward for my second thoughts.

5/- to Margaret Foahan-Smith, 174 Sylvester St., Coolgardie, W.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Cane clothes baskets

IN answer to Mrs. M. Ward's query about lawyer cane clothes baskets (4/1/'47), these facts may be of interest. Lawyer cane has been used for basket production in South Australia for over four years.

During the war, however, all tradesmen were engaged on military contracts, so no clothes baskets were produced. Of late, the domestic baskets are reaching the market in increasing numbers, although industrial contracts are heavy, and are given priority.

The lawyer cane, owing to the cost of white labor in cutting, preparing, and transporting, is some 300 per cent. dearer than prewar imported cane, and is inferior in quality. Also of interest is the fact that shipments of imported cane just arrived are 400 per cent. dearer than prewar. Therefore, basketware will remain an expensive article for some time yet.

5/- to Mr. J. S. McKnight, 395 Magill Rd., Tranmere, S.A.

Letter from London

I THINK Kate Chudleigh (2/11/'46) might feel differently about the unasked-for extra bacon and cheese for which she is charged if she realised how lucky she is to get those ounces. They may represent a week's ration in England, now 2oz. cheese and 2oz. bacon per person.

We are longing for the day when the grocer gives us an extra piece.

5/- to Mrs. Kathleen Woolnough, 20 Seymour Court, Colney Hatch Lane, Muswell Hill, England.

Over the fence

BEING a lover of flowers, I know just how hard it is to refrain from picking those which bob their heads so invitingly over a neighboring fence.

But might I remind those people who make a habit of collecting bouquets as they walk along that the flowers are not theirs? The owners have worked hard to produce those blooms, and love to look at them.

So, next time we see that tempting blossom, let us pass it by, realising that it is a pride and joy to the owner.

5/- to Winifred Berry, 14 Foster St., St. Kilda, Vic.

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 7

DESPITE her lack of suspicion, however, Mrs. Adams was definitely concerned over Miss Sainsbury Seale's disappearance and went on to talk of it.

"It is so extraordinary that Mabelle has disappeared like this," she said. "I feel sure, M. Poirot, that it must be loss of memory."

Poirot said that it was very probable. He had known cases of the kind.

"Yes—I remember a friend of one of my cousins. She'd had a lot of worry and work, and it brought on—Amnesia, I think they called it."

Poirot said that he believed that that was the technical term.

He paused and then asked if Mrs. Adams had ever heard Miss Sainsbury Seale speak of a Mrs. Albert Chapman.

No, Mrs. Adams never remembered her friend mentioning anyone of that name. But then, of course, it wasn't likely that Miss Sainsbury Seale should happen to mention everyone with whom she was acquainted. Who was this Mrs. Chapman? Had the police any idea who could have murdered her?

"It is still a mystery, Madame," Poirot shook his head and then asked if it was Mrs. Adams who had recommended Mr Morley as a tenant to Miss Sainsbury Seale.

Mrs. Adams replied in the negative. She herself went to a Mr. Crouch in Harley Street, and if Mabelle had asked her about a tenant she would have sent her to him.

Possibly, Poirot suggested, it might have been this Mrs. Chapman who recommended Miss Sainsbury Seale to Mr. Morley.

Mrs. Adams agreed that it might have been. Didn't they know at the agents?

But Poirot had already asked Miss Nevill that question and Miss Nevill had not known or had not remembered. She recollected Mrs. Chapman, but did not think the latter had ever mentioned a Miss Sainsbury Seale—the name being an odd one, she would have remembered it if she heard it then.

Poirot persevered with his questions.

Mrs. Adams had known Miss Sainsbury Seale first in India, had she not? Mrs. Adams agreed.

Did Mrs. Adams know if Miss Sainsbury Seale had met Mr. or Mrs. Alistair Blunt at any time out there?

"No, I don't think so, M. Poirot, do you mean the big banker? They were out some years ago staying with the Viceroy, but I'm sure if Mabelle had met them at all, she would have talked about it or mentioned them. I'm afraid," she smiled, "one does usually mention the important people. We're all such snobs at heart."

"She never did mention the Blunts—Mrs. Blunt in particular?"

"Never."

"If she had been a close friend of Mrs. Blunt's probably you would have known?"

"Oh, yes. I don't believe she knew anyone like that. Mabelle's friends were all very ordinary people—like us."

"That, Madame, I cannot allow," said Poirot gallantly.

Mrs. Adams went on talking of Mabelle Sainsbury Seale as one talks of a friend who has recently died. She recalled all Mabelle's good works, her kindnesses, her indefatigable work for the mission, her zeal, her earnestness.

Hercule Poirot listened. As Japp had said, Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was a real person. She had lived in Calcutta and taught elocution and worked among the native population. She had been respectable, well-meaning, a little fussy and stupid perhaps, but also what is termed a woman with a heart of gold.

And Mrs. Adams' voice ran on: "She was so much in earnest over everything, M. Poirot. And she found people so apathetic—so hard to rouse. It was very difficult to get subscriptions out of people—worse every year, with the income tax rising and the cost of living and everything.

"She said to me once, 'When one knows what money can do—the wonderful good you can accomplish with it — well, really sometimes, Alice, I feel I would commit a crime to get it.' That shows, doesn't it, M. Poirot, how strongly she felt?"

"She said that, did she?" said Poirot thoughtfully.

He asked, casually, when Miss Sainsbury Seale had enunciated this particular statement, and learned that it had been about three months ago.

He left the house and walked away lost in thought. He was considering the character of Mabelle Sainsbury Seale.

A nice woman—an earnest and kindly woman—a respectable, decent type of woman. It was among that type of person that Mr. Barnes had suggested a potential criminal could be found.

Please turn to page 29

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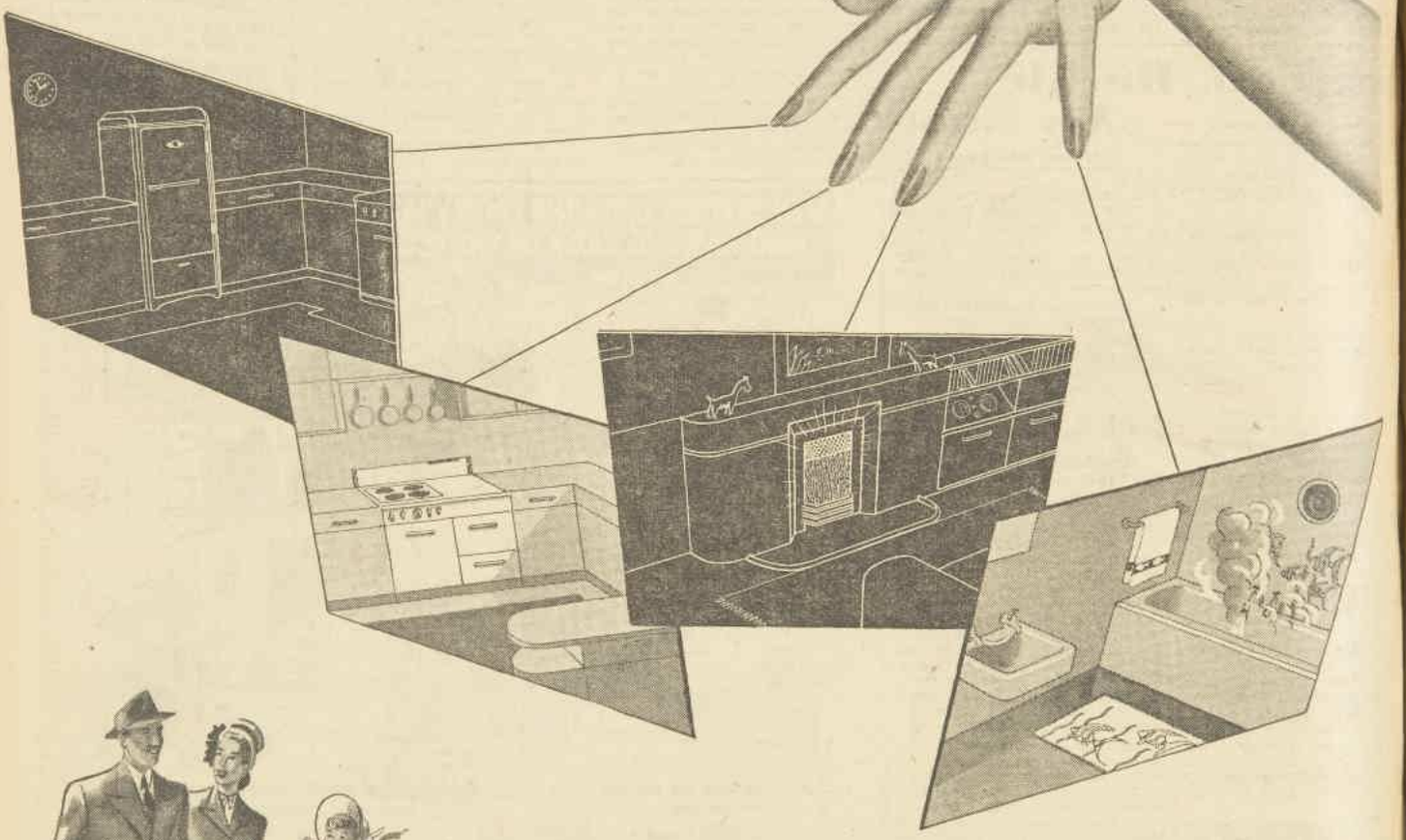

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One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 27

DEFINITELY Mabelle Sainsbury Seale had travelled back on the same boat from India as Mr. Amberiotis. There seemed reason to believe that she had lunched with him at the Savoy. She had claimed acquaintance with Alistair Blunt and laid claim to an intimacy with his wife. She had twice visited King Leopold Mansions where, later, a dead body had been found dressed in her clothes and with her handbag conveniently identifying it.

A little too convenient, that!

She had left the Glengowrie Court Hotel suddenly after an interview with the police.

Could the theory that Hercule Poirot believed to be true account for and explain all those facts?

He thought it could.

These meditations had occupied Poirot on his homeward way until reaching Regent's Park. He decided to traverse a part of the Park before taking a taxi on. By experience he knew to a nicety the moment when his smart shoes began to press painfully on his feet.

It was a lovely summer's day and Poirot looked indulgently on courting nursemaids and their swains, laughing and giggling while their chubby charges profited by nurse's inattention.

Dogs barked and romped. Little boys sailed boats. And under nearly every tree was a couple sitting close together.

"Ah! Youth, youth," murmured Hercule Poirot, pleasurably affected by the sight.

His beneficent eye on them, he became suddenly aware of a familiarity in one of the couples. So Jane Olivera had come to Regent's Park to meet her young American revolutionary?

His face grew suddenly sad and rather stern. After only a brief hesitation he crossed the grass to them. Sweeping off his hat with a flourish, he said: "Bonjour, Mademoiselle."

Jane Olivera, he thought, was not entirely displeased to see him. Howard Raikes, on the other hand, was a good deal annoyed at the interruption.

"Oh, so it's you again!" he growled.

"Good afternoon, M. Poirot," said Jane. "How unexpectedly you always pop up, don't you?"

"Kind of a jack-in-the-box," said Raikes, still eyeing Poirot with considerable coldness.

"I do not intrude?" Poirot said anxiously.

"Not at all," Jane said kindly.

Howard Raikes said nothing.

"It is a pleasant spot you have found here," said Poirot.

"It was," said Mr. Raikes.

"Be quiet, Howard. You need to learn manners!" Jane said.

Howard Raikes snorted.

"What's the good of manners?"

"You'll find they kind of help you along," said Jane. "I haven't got any myself, but that doesn't matter so much. To begin with I'm rich, and I'm moderately good-looking, and I've got a lot of influential friends. I can get along all right without manners."

"I'm not in the mood for small talk, Jane," Raikes said tersely. "I guess I'll take myself off." He got up, nodded curtly to Poirot, and strode away.

Jane Olivera stared after him, her chin cupped in her palm.

Poirot said with a sigh: "Alas, the proverb is true. When you are courting, two is company, is it not, three is none?"

"Courting? What a word!" Jane said.

"But yes, it is the right word, is it not? For a young man who pays attention to a young lady before asking her hand in marriage? They say, do they not, a courting couple?"

"Your friends seem to say some very funny things."

"Thirteen, fourteen, maids are courting," Poirot chanted softly. "See, all around us they are doing it."

Jane said sharply: "Yes—I'm just one of a crowd, I suppose . . ."

She turned suddenly to Poirot.

"I want to apologise to you. I made a mistake the other day. I thought you had wormed your way in and come down to Exsham just to spy on Howard. But afterwards Uncle Alistair told me that he had definitely asked you because he wanted you to clear up this business of that missing woman—Sainsbury Seale. That's right, isn't it?"

"Absolutely."

"So I'm sorry for what I said to you that evening. But it did look like it, you know. I mean—as though you were just following Howard and spying on us both."

"Even if it were true, Mademoiselle —I was an excellent witness to the fact that Mr. Raikes bravely saved your uncle's life by springing on his assailant and preventing him from firing another shot."

"You've got a funny way of saying things, M. Poirot. I never know whether you're serious or not."

"At the moment I am very serious, Miss Olivera," Poirot said gravely.

Jane said with a slight break in her voice: "Why do you look at me like that? As though—as though you were sorry for me?"

"Perhaps because I am sorry, Mademoiselle, for the things that I shall have to do so soon . . ."

"Well, then—don't do them!"

"Alas, Mademoiselle, but I must . . ."

She stared at him.

"Have you—found that woman?" she asked.

Poirot said: "Let us say—that I know where she is."

"Is she dead?"

"I have not said so."

"She's alive, then?"

"I have not said that either."

Jane looked at him with irritation.

"Well, she's got to be one or the other, hasn't she?"

"Actually, it is not quite so simple."

"I believe you just like making things difficult!"

"It has been said of me," admitted Hercule Poirot.

Jane shivered. "Isn't it funny? It's a lovely warm day—and yet I suddenly feel cold . . ."

"Perhaps you had better walk on, Mademoiselle."

Jane rose to her feet. She stood a minute irresolute.

"Howard wants me to marry him," she said abruptly. "At once. Without letting anyone know. He says —he says it's the only way I'll ever do it—that I'm weak——" She broke off, then with one hand she gripped Poirot's arm with surprising strength. "What shall I do about it, M. Poirot?"

"Why ask me to advise you? There are those who are nearer!"

"Mother? She'd scream the house down at the bare idea! Uncle Alistair? He'd be cautious and prosy. Plenty of time, my dear. Got to make quite sure, you know. Bit of an odd fish—this young man of yours. No sense in rushing things——"

"Your friends?" suggested Poirot.

"I haven't got any friends. Only a silly crowd I drink and dance and talk inane catchwords with! Howard's the only real person I've ever come up against."

"Still—why ask me, Miss Olivera?"

"Because you've got a queer look on your face—as though you were sorry about something—as though you knew something that—that was coming . . ." She stopped.

"Well?" she demanded. "What do you say?"

Hercule Poirot slowly shook his head.

. . . . .

When Poirot reached home, his valet, George, said: "Chief Inspector Japp is here, sir."

Japp grinned in a rueful way as Poirot came into the room.

"I represent the Acme Diaper Service, Madam."

"Here I am, old boy. Come round to say: 'Aren't you a marvel? How do you do it? What makes you think of these things?'"

"All this meaning——? But, pardon, you will have some refreshment? A sirop? Or perhaps the whisky?"

"The whisky is good enough for me."

A few minutes later he raised his glass, observing: "Here's to Hercule Poirot who is always right!"

"No, no, my friend."

"Here we had a lovely case of suicide. H.P. says it's murder—wants it to be murder—and, dash it all, it is murder!"

"Ah? So you agree at last?"

"Well, nobody can say I'm pig-headed. I don't fly in the face of evidence. The trouble was there wasn't any evidence before."

"But there is now?"

"Yes, and I've come round to make the amende honorable, as you call it, and present the titbit to you on toast, as it were."

"I am all agog, my good Japp."

"All right. Here goes. The pistol that Frank Carter tried to shoot Blunt with on Saturday is a twin pistol to the one that killed Morley!"

Poirot stared.

"But that is extraordinary!"

"Yes, it makes it look rather black for Master Frank."

"It is not conclusive."

"No, but it's enough to make us reconsider the suicide verdict. They're a foreign make of pistol and rather an uncommon one at that!"

Hercule Poirot stared. His eyebrows looked like crescent moons.

"Frank Carter? No—surely not!" he said at last.

Please turn to page 30

THE HAIRDRESSER SAID

"This hair style is very flattering madam...I'm sure you'll like it!"

BUT SHE MEANT

"What a waste of time.. she'll never look glamorous with that blotchy skin"

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X.57.24

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PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

PI.10.26

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 29

INSPECTOR JAPP breathed a sigh of exasperation. "What's the matter with you, Poirot? First you will have it that Morley was murdered and that it wasn't suicide. Then when I come and tell you we're inclined to come round to your views you 'hem' and 'ha' and don't seem to like it."

"You really believe that Morley was murdered by Frank Carter?"

"It fits. Carter had got a grudge against Morley—that we knew all along. He came to Queen Charlotte Street that morning—and he pretended afterwards that he had come along to tell his young woman he'd got a job—but we've now discovered that he hadn't got the job then. He didn't get it till later in the day. He admits that now. So there's lie No. 1.

"He can't account for where he was at twenty-five past twelve onwards. Says he was walking in the Marylebone Road, but the first thing he can prove is having a drink in a pub at five past one. And the barman says he was in a regular state—his hand shaking and his face as white as a sheet!"

Hercule Poirot sighed and shook his head.

"It does not accord with my ideas," he murmured.

"What are these ideas of yours?"

"It is very disturbing what you tell me. Very disturbing indeed. Because, you see, if you are right . . ."

The door opened softly and George murmured deferentially: "Excuse me, sir, but . . ."

He got no farther. Miss Gladys Nevill thrust him aside and came agitatedly into the room. She was crying.

"Oh, M. Poirot——"

"Here, I'll be off," said Japp hurriedly. He left the room precipitately.

Gladys Nevill paid his back the tribute of a venomous look.

"That's the man—that horrid Inspector from Scotland Yard—it's he who has trumped up a whole case against poor Frank."

"Now, now, you must not agitate yourself."

"But he has. First they pretend that he tried to murder this Mr Blunt, and not content with that they've accused him of murdering poor Mr. Morley."

Hercule Poirot coughed.

"I was down there, you know, at Exsham, when the shot was fired at Mr. Blunt."

"But even if Frank did—did do a foolish thing like that—and he's one of those Imperial Shirts, you know—they march with banners and have a ridiculous salute, and of course I suppose Mr. Blunt's wife was a very notorious Jewess, and they just work up these poor young men—quite harmless ones like Frank—until they think they are doing something wonderful and patriotic."

"Is that Mr. Carter's defence?" asked Hercule Poirot.

"Oh no. Frank just swears he didn't do anything and had never seen the pistol before. I haven't spoken to him, of course—they wouldn't let me—but he's got a solicitor acting for him and he told me what Frank had said. Frank just says it's all a frame-up."

"And the solicitor is of opinion that his client had better think of a more plausible story?"

"Lawyers are so difficult. They won't say anything straight out. But it's the murder charge I'm worrying about. Oh! Mr. Poirot, I'm sure Frank couldn't have killed Mr. Morley. I mean really—he hadn't any reason to."

"Is it true," said Poirot, "that when he came round that morning he had not yet got a job of any kind?"

"Well, really, M. Poirot, I don't see what difference that makes. Whether he got the job in the morning or the afternoon can't matter."

"But his story was that he came to tell you about his good luck. Now, it seems, he had as yet had no luck. Why, then, did he come?"

"Well, M. Poirot, the poor boy was dispirited and upset, and to tell the truth I believe he'd been drinking a little. Poor Frank has rather a weak head—and the drink upset him and so he felt like—like making a row, and he came round to Queen Charlotte Street to have it out with Mr. Morley."

Poirot looked thoughtfully at the tearful young woman.

"Did you know that Frank Carter had a pistol—or a pair of pistols?"

"Oh no, M. Poirot. I swear I didn't. And I don't believe it's true, either."

Poirot shook his head slowly.

"Oh! M. Poirot, do help us. If I could only feel that you were on our side——"

"I do not take sides. I am on the side only of the truth," Poirot said gravely.

After he had got rid of the girl Poirot rang up Scotland Yard. Japp had not yet returned, but Detective-Sergeant Beddoes was obliging and informative. The police had not as yet found any evidence to prove Frank Carter's possession of the pistol before the assault at Exsham.

Poirot hung up the receiver thoughtfully. It was a point in Carter's favor. But so far it was the only one.

He had also learned from Beddoes a few more details as to the statement Frank Carter had made about his employment as gardener at Exsham. He stuck to his story of a secret service job. He had been given money in advance, and some testimonials as to his gardening abilities and been told to apply to Mr. MacAlister, the head gardener, for the post.

His instructions were to listen to the other gardeners' conversations and sound them as to their subversive tendencies, and to pretend to be a bit of a subversive himself.

He had been interviewed and instructed in his task by a woman who had told him that she was known as Q.H.56, and that he had been recommended to her as a strong loyalist. She had interviewed him in a dim light, and he did not think he would know her again. She was red-haired, with a lot of make-up on.

Poirot groaned. It sounded like rank melodrama.

He was tempted to consult Mr Barnes on the subject. According to Mr. Barnes these things happened.

The last post brought him something which disturbed him more still—a cheap envelope in an uninformed handwriting, postmarked Hertfordshire.

Poirot opened it and read:

"Dear Sir,—

"Hoping as you will forgive me for troubling you, but I am very worried and do not know what to do. I do not want to be mixed up with the police in any way. I know that perhaps I ought to have told something I know before, but as they said the master had shot himself it was all right I thought.

"I wouldn't have liked to get Miss Nevill's young man into trouble, and never thought really for one moment as he had done it, but now I see he has been took up for shooting at a gentleman in the country and so perhaps he isn't quite all there and I ought to say but I thought I would write to you, you being a friend of the mistress and asking me so particular the other day if there was anything.

"Of course I wish now I had told you then. But I do hope it won't mean getting mixed up with the police because I shouldn't like that and my mother wouldn't like it either. She has always been most particular.

"Yours respectfully,

"Agnes Fletcher."

I always knew it was something to do with some man. Poirot murmured to himself. I guessed the wrong man, that is all.

* * * *

The interview with Agnes Fletcher took place in Hertford, in a somewhat derelict teashop, for Agnes had been anxious not to tell her story under Miss Morley's critical eye.

The first quarter of an hour was taken up in listening to exactly how particular Agnes' mother was.

Also how Agnes' father, though a proprietor of licensed premises, had never once had any friction with the police, closing time being strictly observed to the second, and indeed Agnes' father and mother were universally respected and looked up to in Little Darlingham.

So if Agnes, now, were to get mixed up with the police in any way, Mum and Dad would probably die of it.

After this had been repeated, with various embellishments, several times, Agnes drew a little nearer to the subject of the interview.

"I wouldn't like to say anything to Miss Morley, sir, because it might be, you see, that she'd say as how I ought to have said something before, but me and cook, we talked it over and we didn't see as it was any business of ours, because we'd read quite plain in the paper as how the master had made a mistake in the drug he was giving and that he'd shot himself and the pistol was in his hands and everything, so it did seem quite clear, didn't it, sir?"

"When did you begin to feel differently?" Poirot hoped to get a little nearer the promised revelation by an encouraging but not too direct question.

Agnes replied promptly.

"Seeing it in the paper about that Frank Carter—Miss Nevill's young man as was. When I read as he'd shot at that gentleman where he was gardener, well, I thought, it looks as if he might be queer in the head, because I do know there's people it takes like that, think they're being persecuted, or something, and in the end it's dangerous to keep them at home and they have to be took away to the asylum."

She paused for breath, but only for a moment.

"I thought that maybe that Frank Carter was like that, because I did remember that he used to go on about Mr. Morley and say as Mr. Morley was against him and trying to separate him from Miss Nevill, but of course she wouldn't hear a word against him, and quite right too we thought—Emma and me, because you couldn't deny as Mr. Carter was very nice-looking and quite the gentleman.

"But, of course, neither of us thought he'd really done anything to Mr. Morley. We just thought it was a bit queer."

"What was queer?" Poirot asked patiently.

"It was that morning, sir, the morning Mr. Morley shot himself. I'd been wondering if I dared run down and get the post. The postman had come but that Alfred hadn't brought up the letters, which he wouldn't do, not unless there was some for Miss Morley or Mr. Morley.

"So I went out on the landing and I looked down over the stairs. Miss Morley didn't like us going down to the hall, not during the master's business hours, but I thought maybe as I'd see Alfred taking in a parcel to the master and I'd call down to him as he came back."

Agnes gasped, and took a deep breath. "And it was then I saw him—that Frank Carter, I mean. Halfway up the stairs he was—our stairs, I mean, above the master's floor. And he was standing there waiting and looking down—and I've come to feel more and more as though there was something queer about it. And then me and Emma—we felt the police or someone ought to be told."

To be continued

Animal Antics

"I think he's an introvert."

WORTH Reporting

MADAME ANN COLLET, widow of General Philibert Collet, Free French general who was killed during the Syrian campaign, is now in San Francisco writing a book about her husband.

Madame Collet visited Australia last year, and while in San Francisco has written an article about Queensland.

She says: "Of all the States that I have visited in Australia, Queensland was the one which most impressed me: Queensland, where the earth in its bareness seems more befitting than elsewhere to receive the thoughts of the sky.

"Palm trees, blue gum, and dark cypresses, their tips pointing to heaven, seem to play parts in the Paradise of the Ancients for the spirits of the departed.

"I have bathed in crystal cascades in the heart of the Queensland jungle while frangipani trees nearby have showered rains of white and pale lemon confetti upon me."

Further on in the article, Madame Collet speaks of Australian women, describing a dressing-shed by the sea in North Queensland.

"Australian women in shorts, swimsuits, or undressed, are like rays of light in a dark room," she writes. "They are so much a part of the country in which they live. They belong to the sea, the orchards, the bewildering variety of plants and trees, the lyre bird, the bell bird, and the kookaburra . . ."

And a line about our men:

"The door of the bathing-shed opened.

"I noticed two men who walked past and who automatically diverted their regards. How they respect their women!"

Wolves, please note.

You never can tell

RUSHING for a tram at Cremorne, Sydney, a middle-aged man was infuriated to see it pass his stop.

He ran on madly, and the tram pulled up about 50 yards past the stop. As he subsided panting into a seat, the conductor came along.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but the driver was brushing a cockroach off his coat and didn't notice the stop."

Solved at last

WEE GEORGIE WOOD, English comedian visiting Australia, tells a story about Dame Nellie Melba.

During his first trip to this country he visited her home, Coombe Cottage, and took some snapshots.

Later he showed the snapshots to an American clown. One was of Melba's swimming-pool.

"Gosh," said the American when he saw the picture. "I'm glad to have seen that. I always wondered why she was called a 'great diva.'"

Thrill for singer

OPENING night of "Carmen" at Covent Garden Opera House, London, for the first performance by the newly formed first permanent opera company there, was a great thrill for Elizabeth Harbutt, of Orange, N.S.W.

Elizabeth was doing secretarial work in Sydney, and saved threepences for her fare to London.

She was given a part in the Covent Garden chorus, and in "Carmen" plays the duenna, gipsy wife, and gipsy girl. She described the opening night in letters to friends.

"It was doubly exciting as Queen Mary, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, Cabinet Ministers, and all sorts of celebrities were there.

"I go on almost with the rising curtain, taking my two charges shopping, and once I was really on the stage I found myself not only calm, but really bartering under my breath and seriously ordering dozens of lemons and pineapples.

"Once I raised my eyes to heaven to implore for patience and looked straight into the Royal box for the first time, and there was Queen Mary sitting regally in the centre with her tiara on her glorious head.

"I nearly wept. My make-up hid my patriotism though, and I went on with my bargaining."

Popular subject

AUSTRALIA'S most distinguished rubbish-tip is probably the salvage dump at Port Adelaide. It is a favorite subject of artists.

Charles Bush and Phil Waterhouse have painted it, and at a recent exhibition in Melbourne by South Australian "moderns" the dump appeared on two more canvases.

Jacqueline Hick captured the spirit of debris in a sombre mood, while Jeff Smart depicted it more realistically as a towering heap in bright sunlight.

* * *

ON a blitzed site in Bond Street, London, is a hoarding which amuses passers-by with its unintentional jibe at Britain's housing situation. It reads: "This site is for post-war development by Waite and Waite."

Mice and men

WHAT causes a mouse plague? A recent plague in a district in South Australia raised the question.

We had a vision of thousands of mice marching across the country to a plagued spot, probably saying to each other: "Another half-hour and we'll be there."

We know now we were wrong, having consulted authorities on the subject.

The mice, which are ordinary house mice, are always present. When the season is good and food abundant they breed much more prolifically than usual.

In a very short time they reach plague numbers. Eventually they eat themselves out, and usually disease strikes them, so that Nature lends a hand to man in destroying them.

In 1917 a mouse plague spread throughout all States during a warm season when grain was stored.

Following trails of wheat on farms, they undermined wheat stacks, got into silos, and bred in huge numbers. Many were unwittingly transported by human agency (in vehicles).

Prevention is the only efficient way of dealing with mice—by increased silo accommodation and adequate protection of grain.

"When we get over where the elephants are, don't call me 'Peanut'!"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4781840

"WIMMEN"!

Famous American artist Cobean pokes fun at the antediluvian type of man who considers that woman's place is in the home.

● *"Hello, dear! I'm home from work again."*

● *"Stebbins says his new book hardly scratches the surface."*

● *"And this is your room, dear."*

● *"Don't you think he's carrying that old-fashioned girl idea too far?"*

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● **A great many young mothers find themselves in conflict with well-meaning older women who laugh at modern methods of baby care, and insist, against the mother's wishes, in interfering with a carefully planned routine.**

Many young mothers are made bitterly unhappy by their elders' criticism or belittling comments, but it is hard also for a woman of an older generation to be told constantly "Don't do this, don't do that," by a younger woman.

THE letter I am dealing with first this week is from a mother-to-be who knows that because of her wish to abide by modern methods she will almost certainly displease some of those closest to her. Here it is:

"I SHALL be having my first baby shortly, and intend to bring it up according to clinic rules. Both my own mother and my mother-in-law have brought up large families on old-fashioned methods and don't believe in not picking up babies when they cry or modern ideas like a set play-hour. I know my determination to keep strictly to clinic methods will cause hard words, but I am convinced that I shall only be doing what is best for baby."

In my opinion, the young mothers of to-day are doing a wonderful job. I admire the efficiency and self-discipline they show in carrying out a not-always-easy routine, because, like you, they are convinced that an upbringing according to the rules laid down by modern science is the best their baby could possibly have.

At the same time I appreciate how galling it must be to an older woman who has raised her own family according to plain, old-fashioned methods to be told that all her ideas are dated and wrong.

Write for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4008WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions. You must have professional advice on those.

That is where the modern mother, if she is sympathetic and understanding, will show a certain amount of tact. I hold no brief for the older woman who makes the young mother's life a perfect misery—and some of them do. But being a grandmother is a pretty wonderful thing—especially if it's for the first time.

Hold fast to your principles, but be a little gentle with the grandmothers. Remember that they, after their own fashion, are only trying to show their love for the baby.

Take a firm stand if you must. You'll lose nothing of their affection and admiration once they are convinced that your baby's welfare is your first consideration.

"RECENTLY my husband made advances to a friend. She told me, and he admitted it, saying he was deeply sorry. I just can't forget it, and don't feel that I can ever trust him again. When I had my second child I thought we were going to be so happy; I try to be a good wife and mother. I still love my husband, who is an honest, hard-working man, but I just can't forget."

While your husband's action was despicable in the extreme, you mustn't forget that all of us are human, and on the spur of the moment are capable of actions that are entirely out of character with the person we really are.

You have so much—a husband you love, two young children, everything in the world to look forward to in the years to come. Don't let this one slip spoil it for you. I know that it isn't easy, but show that your love is wise, tolerant, and generous by forgiving this once.

"LAST week I had the chance to apply for my first job. But because my parents insisted that one of them come with me I didn't do it. I think girls look silly having a mother or father with them when they are old enough to go to work, especially as I've no intention of going anywhere that isn't nice. My employer would think I was a baby and couldn't look after myself."

What you apparently don't know is that some employers insist on a parent accompanying a junior to her first interview. Others may not do so, but I can't imagine any responsible person failing to understand the very natural desire of a mother and father to satisfy themselves that their daughter is going to work under good conditions. However, you might persuade your parents to allow you to go alone, and to make independent inquiries if they wish to do so.

● *"He caught me reading again!"*

● *"There, I'll wager, lives the ideal woman."*

"I AM 18, and I am very much attracted to a boy in our office. He is very good-looking, has all the same interests as I have, but when he took me out to dinner the other night I noticed he held his knife like a pencil. My mother says why don't I ask him home? And I would like to, but I am afraid my family will criticise him afterwards."

You don't say if your friend commits any other breaches of social etiquette. But if you're one of those people to whom little correctnesses are important, you will always be ill at ease in his company and afraid that he'll do the wrong thing. And there is nothing less romantic than feeling apologetic for somebody.

If this is his only failing, why not put the friendship in low gear until you have the opportunity tactfully to tell him that there is another and more correct way to hold a knife? Then ask him home.

"MY fiancee and I are to be married shortly and have booked for our honeymoon at a fashionable country guest-house. My fiancee says she understands most people will dress for dinner, and is looking forward to changing into a long frock at night. Before the war I was too young to have an evening suit, and haven't a hope of getting one now. Rather than look silly, I'd prefer to go somewhere else."

You'll find that though the majority of the women change into long dresses, it is usual in such circumstances for the men to change simply into a dark lounge suit. I very much doubt that you'll find one man wearing a dinner jacket. If they do, it'll be because their wives insisted, not because they wanted to.

"I AM nearly 18, and have been keeping company with a soldier two years my senior. He tells me he loves me, but has given me up as he thinks I am too good for him. I think otherwise. Is his explanation a silly one, or can you understand his reasoning?"

I think his explanation is anything but a silly one, because few men like to admit such a thing to a girl they are fond of. I think his statement demands not only your respect, but your acceptance as well. Remember, there may be a great many episodes in the life of this young man that are unknown to you. You should be only too thankful that his is a sufficiently strong and honorable character to enable him to tell you this before your affections become more deeply involved.

"RECENTLY we had six of my husband's business associates to dinner. The occasion was rather a big one for us, and I got in help for the evening. Because she was newly married and hadn't been to our house before, I served the wife of the junior partner first. My husband says the oldest woman present should have been served first."

Strictly speaking, it is correct according to formal English etiquette to serve first the newly married guest who is visiting your house for the first time. More usually, though, hostesses are content with the simpler plan of serving the older and more important people first. Women guests are, of course, always served before the men, even on the most informal occasions.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4781841

Producers run in Box family

By cable from BILL STRUTTON of our London office

A go-ahead young girl has walked on to the British film scene with half a million sterling to spend on pictures.

This may sound easy to do, but Betty Box, who radiates good-humored efficiency from her blonde hair-do to her slim, nylon-clad ankles, has to make this money stretch over four high-class films, and at the same time show results for her tubby elder brother, film magnate Sidney Box.

BETTY BOX is the second woman to invade the frenzied financial world as a producer, and in case some of her male colleagues might look down their noses at her daring she has settled down in charge of Gainsborough's Islington Studios.

Betty handled a film starring Eric Portman and Greta Gynt called "Dear Murderer," and got it finished well within the schedule of ten weeks, which in these days of shortages and hold-ups is an achievement which, I assure you, is well within the miracle class.

It made many film magnates sit up and take notice.

"I think I shall make five instead of the four pictures scheduled for this year," she announced to me confidently. "I have two hundred men on my staff, and they have accepted my speed-up plans without the slightest resentment.

"I planned to squeeze in the extra fifth film because I realised that scenes in the other four can easily be done on location in the country for exterior shooting, and thus allow me the precious extra time to put it on the limited floors we have."

Betty is 29, has a square, determined jaw, and dresses more elegantly than her stars, favoring severely tailored costumes and high-necked French blouses.

When she left school she had ideas of becoming a portrait painter, but confessed: "It took me a fortnight to find out I'd never make any money that way, so I left to concentrate on the more popular form of visual art."

Her brother Sidney was then managing-director for a small-time film company making shorts, and gave her a chance as his assistant.

It then became obvious that film-producing talent ran in the famous Box family, and within a short time Betty found herself handling ten filming units, all operating at once.

"When Sidney took up making feature films, I came in as associate producer, and this has been the case since the palmy days when we scored a hit with Ann Todd and Jimmy Mason in 'The Seventh Veil,'" she said.

Latest films Betty Box helped to produce before starting out on her own were "Daybreak," with Eric Portman and Ann Todd, "The Years Between," starring Valerie Hobson and Michael Redgrave, and "The Upturned Glass," in association with James Mason, who also starred in it opposite his wife, Pamela Kellino.

Betty is a great student of public taste, which she says changes noticeably within a very short time.

"You've got to work to keep up with it," she said. "I hope to concentrate on good stories, well played, and still keep up to date.

"It's a question of well-planned organisation, as I've only got two stages in my studios at Islington. What it really means is that I can make only one picture at a time, because, while they're shooting on one stage, carpenters and propmen are building a new scene on the other.

"I guess you'd call me a real career woman, because film producing is my only interest—that is, unless you leave out going to the movies almost every night in the week!

"I'm really interested in them as entertainment, too."

She added: "Of course, every picture I see teaches me something about my own job."

CAPABLE film producer Betty Box shows Sam Goldwyn, jun., son of the famous Hollywood film chief, the set of one of her pictures. Backdrop of Manhattan skyline was used in Betty's first film for Gainsborough, "Dear Murderer," starring Eric Portman and Greta Gynt.

Australian girls in Navy film

TWO WOMEN who will appear in "Another Dawn," being made by Embassy Films with the full co-operation of the Royal Australian Navy, are Queenie Ashton and Betty McDowall, who are being shown over H.M.A.S. Bataan by Lieut. David Wells. This Australian full-length feature film is being produced by Mr. T. O. McCreadie, director of Embassy Films. The company has been on location at Flinders Naval Depot, Melbourne, and will soon be working in N.S.W., off the coast and at Camden. "Another Dawn" is based on the book of the same name by Zelma Roberts, which will be published soon.

Film Reviews

★★★ BRIEF ENCOUNTER

THIS Noel Coward film must be listed as one of his best, and a superb study of English domestic life.

The story is unspectacular, yet entirely gripping, and Trevor Howard and Celia Johnson do some sensitive, beautiful acting.

It is hard to think of any actress on the screen to-day who has the ability to portray emotion with so little fuss as Celia Johnson.

She is not beautiful or glamorous, but as Laura Jesson, who though happily married finds and loses the real love of her life, she is magnificent. Howard as Dr. Alex Harvey measures right up to her standard, and there are also first-class performances by Cyril Raymond, Stanley Holloway, and Joyce Carey. David Lean's direction is an object-lesson in itself.

For Celia's work in this film 13 New York film critics voted her the best performance by a film actress in 1946.

The film, released by Fox, was voted by the International Federation of Film Critics the most outstanding film shown at the Cannes Film Festival.—Esquire; showing.

★★ THE SECRET HEART

PLAYING opposite Claudette Colbert and Walter Pidgeon, winsome June Allyson gets a pleasant change from her usual song-and-dance parts in this psychological drama by MGM, which deals with the working out of a young girl's fixation on her dead musician father.

As the lonely, introspective step-daughter, Penny, who is partly cured by falling in love with Walter Pidgeon, only to find he has loved her step-mother, Lee Addams (Claudette Colbert) all along, she gives a sympathetic performance which should yield her more dramatic roles.

Claudette Colbert's flair for comedy helps to lighten the heavier moments of the film, which is in danger at times of degenerating into a tear-jerker. Walter Pidgeon is competent in his role, and Robert Sterling and Lionel Barrymore give good support.—Liberty; showing.

★★ DEAD RECKONING

GRIM - HUMORED tough guy Humphrey Bogart, who was borrowed from Warners for the part, gives this Columbia film a quality and impressiveness it could otherwise never have attained.

Script and plot are mediocre, and the main excitement comes from the acting of Bogart, who excels in such tight-lipped gunman roles. He does not receive much support from the rest of the cast, and his leading lady, Lisabeth Scott, who was loaned by Paramount, does little to justify the transaction.

She wears a number of glamorous gowns, but her self-conscious, stilted acting serves only to emphasise the shortcomings of the script.—State: showing.

★ SUNBONNET SUE

SET in the Gay 'Nineties, with political squabbles, tavern brawls, and out-of-place philosophising, this tedious film winds up by drawing the moral that despite a Bowery background you can still be a social success if you persevere.

Bowery background belongs to Sue (Gail Russell), who sings and dances in her father's saloon. Her social success is due to efforts of aunt, on Fifth Avenue, who is afraid her own Bowery background will be discovered. Film contains a few nostalgic songs, and dance routines are fair.—Capitol; showing.

RELAXING at home with his attractive wife, Robert Cummings runs through the script for his latest United Artists film, "The Chase," in which he stars with Michele Morgan.

Randell goes Western for studio party

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

RON RANDELL, dressed in plaid shirt, blue denim trousers, and ten-gallon cowboy hat, accompanied me to a party at Enterprise Studios, where a huge barn dance was held on the sound-stage after the preview of "Ramrod," starring Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

Three hundred guests attended, almost all in cowboy dress, and munched hot dogs, drank beer, and danced to a Western orchestra.

Preston Foster was master of ceremonies.

Ron thought the party great fun and liked the typical Western background. "It's a change from most Hollywood parties, and something I didn't think I'd see," he told me. "I've already met several Hollywood cowboys, and they certainly look like the real thing."

* * *

PROMISING young Johnny Coy, who appears in Paramount's "Ladies' Man," once swept floors in a New York night-club. Now that he's a star, the dancer's former boss has tacked up a sign in his dining-room, reading: "Johnny Coy Swept Here."

* * *

NEWS of the week is Clark Gable's attempt at tap dancing for a scene in "The Hucksters." "I do a few steps only," Gable explained, adding with a grin: "Gene Kelly has nothing to worry about."

POPULAR visitor to Hollywood was Somerset Maugham's attractive niece, Honour Earl, who stayed with Greer Garson, and was house guest of Anna Lee. Before leaving for England, Honour presented Anna with a lifesize portrait of the latter's daughter, Caroline.

* * *

VAN JOHNSON and his wife, Evie, recently attended their first dinner-party since their marriage, at Louis Hayward's Chanteclair Restaurant.

Party was given by Director George Sidney and his wife, and among those toasting the newlyweds were attractive June Allyson and husband Dick Powell.

* * *

WORK has been started on the screen biography of world-famous composer Peter Ilyich Tschaikovsky. The music in the picture will include Tschaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, better known as the Pathetique.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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POND'S HAND LOTION

P.S.—Keep those elbows soft and smooth by massaging night and morning with a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion.

1 PARTING of Tex (Marshall Thompson) and Bess when Tex joins U.S. Navy is sad for both. Bess is main asset of Tex's struggling ranch and the boy adores him. Tex says good-bye before he goes off to camp.

2 DEATH of Bess embitters Tex. He tells Smitty (Clem Bevans) he thinks he could have saved her if he had been given his leave earlier.

3 SANITY of Tex is questioned by Lug (G. Tobias) when Tex says he hears horse whinnying in jungle while he is in South Pacific camp.

GALLANT BESS

First film in Cinecolor

INTERESTING feature of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production is that it is the first film made by the studio with a new color process, Cinecolor.

Produced by Harry Rapf and directed by Andrew Marton, it is the story of a boy and two horses and the psychological effect on the boy of the death of one horse and its replacement in a miraculous fashion by the other.

Both horses are played by the same animal, whose name on the screen and in real life is the same, Bess.

The studio describes the horse as having a nation-wide reputation in America as a show horse. Bess is a chestnut with a white blaze, reduced to a star for her second impersonation.

This is Marshall Thompson's first starring role, and others in the cast include George Tobias, Jim Davis, Clem Bevans, and Murray Alper.

4 INSISTING there is a horse, Tex goes out, finds horse pinned under fallen tree. Bridgeman (D. Curtis) says Tex may keep horse, and Tex forgives him for earlier refusal of leave, causing Bess' death. Tex is happy again with a horse.

5 MASCOT of outfit, new horse is called Bess also. Considered a luck-bringer, Bess is everyone's favorite. He saves Tex's life when latter is injured in a skirmish and ordered home immediately.

6 FORCED to leave Bess behind, Tex looks back longingly as boat sails; but Bess finds way to circumvent authority and so rejoin his young master.

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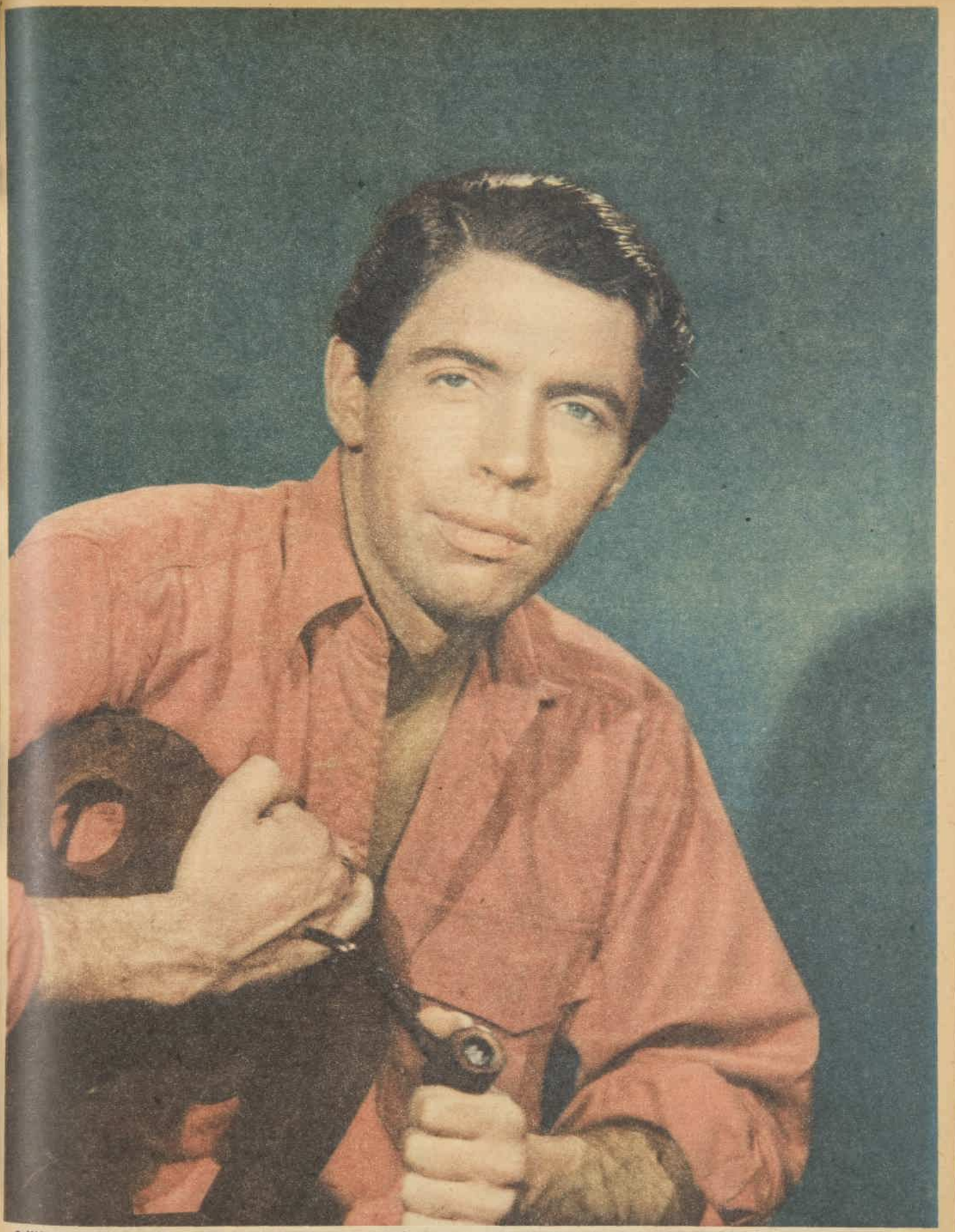

• *MICHAEL PATE, 26-year-old Australian, who is starring in "Sons of Matthew," produced and directed by Charles Chauvel, has a rugged personality, splendid physique, raven hair, and natural suntan, which fit him for the part of eldest son of the pioneering O'Riordan family. Michael is a more than average horseman, and his part requires considerable riding skill. He is training hard for the scenes where he leads pack-horses up rugged mountains. Acting is his hobby as well as his profession. He spends much of his time reading plays. Well known as a radio star, he also achieved a sound reputation for stage work at the Minerva Theatre, Sydney, and in Little Theatre work.*

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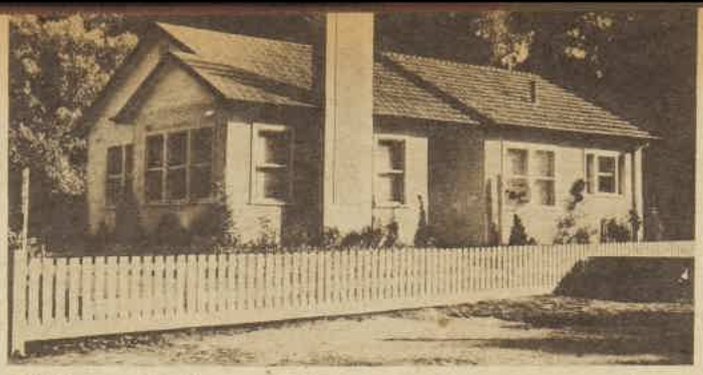
THOUSANDS of home - hungry people have walked through this specimen house in Melbourne, which, it is said, will be duplicated six hundred times during 1947.



House like this sells over counter

CHILDREN'S ROOM in the Myer house measures 13ft. x 8ft. 6in. Note bunk-type beds; top one can be lifted off to make twin beds. Scheme: Plum, haze-blue, white.

IN Melbourne to-day you can go to a counter in Myers' store and order a well-planned, five-roomed house like the one pictured above. It is quoted, unfurnished, at £1450—delivered and erected within a specified area.

This particular design is on view in the Melbourne Treasury Gardens. For added interest it is charmingly furnished in keeping with size and styling.

At the opening, the house, complete with furnishings, was presented to the Queen Victoria Hospital Appeal Committee. It will be raffled.

The house, which comes in several distinct designs, is constructed of steel, reinforced concrete, hardwood, brick, and other light but strong and durable materials.

Rust and corrosion resisting metal tiles cover the roof. Built-in units are a feature of this mass-produced house.

Wing-Commander Wackett, famous aeronautical engineer, is in charge of production.

LIVING-ROOM measures 16ft. x 11ft. 4in. Stippled two-tone green carpeting covers floor, with creamy curtains and green drapes at windows.

ANOTHER VIEW, showing attractive fireplace. Early colonial (American) chairs are upholstered in warm-toned tapestry. Furniture: Tasmanian myrtle.

MAIN BEDROOM, in cream and blush-pink, 12ft. x 11ft. 10in. Design of off-white bed and furniture most attractive. Curtains, covers, in quilted brocade.

NO PONDEROUS-LOOKING dressing-table in this bedroom. Prettily designed table will interest all home lovers. Wardrobes with shelves, drawers, are built-in.

SEPARATE DINING-ROOM will be popular. This measures 11ft. x 9ft. 2in. Furniture is soft apple-green; chair seats, curtains, in white and green.

KITCHEN in red and cream measures 9ft. x 8ft. Note cupboard space and stainless steel sink. Plastic curtains at window. All cupboards are vermin-proof.

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AZALEAS make a glorious show in late winter and spring. Time now to plant in garden or pot them. They appreciate some shade, and do best on the south or south-easterly side.

Your garden

KEEP the flower beds free of weeds at this time of the year and you will reduce your work next season.

Sweet peas have to be stem pruned, some of the laterals removed, and the tops allowed to run up and up toward the top of the support. Up there the longest stems with the biggest flowers are to be found.

Then one has to watch for disease in this rather cranky family. It does no harm to give them a spraying of weak lime-sulphur (1 part to 100 parts of water) from the time they are about six inches tall.

Don't tie chrysanthemums, dahlias, perennial asters, and other tall, bunchy plants up into tight sheaves. Such bunching leads to the development of mildew and other fungus troubles. Use several stakes for each plant—or thin out.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

When food is not good . . . By MEDICO

"THEY'VE both been sick ever since about 4 o'clock," said Mrs. Henry. "Peter has been vomiting frequently and Ann began a little while ago."

I gased down at the two white-faced children who had been hurried to my surgery by their mother after having spent the day picnicking in the country.

"It's not ptomaine poisoning, is it, doctor?"

"No," I said, smiling reassuringly at Ann, who was looking rather scared, "but I do think they both have food poisoning."

"How does food poisoning differ from ptomaine?"

"The name 'ptomaine,'" I explained, "is applied to certain substances which form in decomposing food. Before these are present in sufficient quantities to cause poisoning, however, the food would be quite unestable. Food poisoning is, however, both common and preventable. The cases occur most frequently in summer and often during holidays."

"And what causes this poisoning, doctor?"

"It's brought about through food becoming contaminated by food-poisoning bacteria or by the poison they make. The bacteria can live in any food, meat being their happiest hunting ground, with milk next."

"Can you always tell, by taste, smell, or appearance, if food is good?"

"No," I replied, "and there lies the danger. However, if you have a good knowledge of how food is prepared and stored there should be no reason for worry. Protect food from flies and dust and store it in cool, shady spots. It's not unusual for food poisoning to be the sequel to a picnic. When food is unpacked and left exposed to dust, flies, and sun, it will soon become poisonous."

"I've often wondered," said Mrs. Henry, "whether it's a good plan to use up food that has been left over from an earlier meal; what do you think, doctor?"

"Actually," I answered, "the 'left-over' is a lively source of possible trouble, especially if it has been kept warm in the oven. It is wiser to avoid the meat pie or milk pudding unless it has been stored in a refrigerator. If in doubt, throw it out. It may seem a waste at the time, but it will pay in the long run."

"Well," said Mrs. Henry, sighing, "at least you can be sure of fresh fruit and vegetables."

"Yes, but don't forget to take the elementary precaution of washing them if you are going to eat them raw. The spray solution used by the grower to protect his crop from insect pests can have a distinctly unpleasant effect on our digestive systems.

"There is danger with chemical preservatives such as are used in corned beef or sausage. They tend to camouflage the onward march of the food-poisoning bacteria. Modern science regards the chemical preservation of food as being rather old-fashioned. Refrigeration and hygienic handling in all stages of distribution are the ways to food safety."

"What should I give Peter and Ann?"

"Sulphaguanidine tablets will work wonders. I will give you a prescription for them. The chemist cannot sell them over the counter."

"What would I have done if I had not been able to get your advice and prescription?" asked Mrs. Henry.

"The principle is to get rid of the poison from the stomach. This can be done by giving copious draughts of lukewarm saline water. One teaspoonful of salt to a pint of water. Ask the children to drink at least a pint. Have a large basin handy, because they will bring it back again. This washes out their stomachs."

"Will they need to do that when they have had the tablets?" asked Mrs. Henry.

"It will not be necessary," I assured her. "And they will be able to have their ordinary meals from tomorrow afternoon. With these modern tablets the starvation—so weakening—is no longer needed."

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

By CAROLYN EARLE

FOR inclined-to-be-oily skins: Strained juice of two lemons mixed with half a teaspoonful of eau-de-cologne mixed into a jar of your favorite cold cream will make you an excellent astringent cream; give it a good beat up.

* * *

THE clutch of hot little hands is anything but agreeable. If your hands are inclined to clamminess, keep a bottle of eau-de-cologne nearby and sponge them regularly, or give them a series of dippings in a solution of alum and water.

THIS is a Gaylord Hauser (famous diet consultant) recipe called "vitality cocktail," guaranteed an excellent "lift" for that tired feeling: Mix one or two fresh egg-yolks and one teaspoonful of honey into a glass of fresh, cooled orange juice.

* * *

DISTURBING note in a usually soothing routine is the salon hair-drier: Eyes often burn and water in the red-hot blow, skin feels shrivelled, so take along with you a small jar of cream to protect and lubricate the delicate skin around eyes.

Oh, to be in Autumn now that
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Simple Meatless Dishes

● Recipes for savory and satisfying substitutes for meat are given below, together with hearty sweets planned to balance meatless menus.

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

MEAT is not essential for well-balanced menus — fish, eggs, cheese, macaroni, or spaghetti can be substituted without affecting the nutritive value of the meal.

Vegetables, macaroni, and spaghetti contain body-building protein, but lack fat.

When they are used in place of meat it is necessary to combine them with cheese or a rich, white sauce to provide fat, and so make the dish better balanced from the point of view of nutrition.

Recipes on this page will help you to concoct simple, nutritious menus suitable for the Lenten season.

TOMATO MACARONI CHEESE

Four ounces macaroni, 2 heaped dessertspoons margarine or butter, 3 heaped dessertspoons flour, 1 pint milk, salt and pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1½ cups chopped, peeled tomatoes, ½ cup breadcrumbs.

Wash macaroni well, cook in boiling salted water until soft. Melt buttter or margarine, add flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and pepper, add cheese and onion. Place a layer of macaroni in greased ovenware dish, add a layer of cheese sauce, then a layer of tomatoes. Continue until dish is filled, finishing with a layer of cheese sauce. Top with breadcrumbs and a little extra cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until thoroughly heated and lightly browned on top. Serve hot garnished with tomato slices.

QUICK FISH-LOAF

One pound flaked cooked fish, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled red or green pepper, 2 tablespoons diced cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Toss flaked fish in lemon juice; add breadcrumbs, red or green pepper, celery, onion, parsley, and salt. Mix well. Place in greased ovenware dish, add beaten egg and milk mixed together. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with potatoes and greens.

EGG AND CARROT SCRAMBLE

Three-quarters cup coarsely grated carrot, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon finely minced onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Cover carrot with boiling water, simmer 5 minutes, drain. Warm milk sufficiently to melt butter, gradually pour on to beaten eggs, mixing well. Add salt, cayenne, onion, parsley, and carrot. Turn into saucepan, stir gently over very low heat until thickened and set. Serve on hot toast.

PASSIONFRUIT FOAM PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 packet lemon jelly crystals, 1½ cups milk, 3 passionfruit.

Roll pastry to fit 8in. tart plate, brush with milk, bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to become cold. Heat milk, add jelly crystals, stir until completely dissolved. Chill, and when beginning to thicken beat until thick and creamy. Fold in passionfruit pulp. Fill into pastry case, chill until set. Extra passionfruit pulp may be spooned on top before serving.

SAVORY FISH PIE

Three-quarters to 1lb. cooked flaked fish, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 egg.

Combine sauce, curry powder, and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Fold in lemon juice, salt, and flaked fish. Turn into greased ovenware dish. While mashed potatoes are still hot, beat in butter, milk, onion, and egg-yolk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Spread lightly over fish mixture, reheat and brown in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot garnished with lemon and parsley.

QUICK FRUIT CHARLOTTE

Two cups drained stewed fruit, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup milk, 4 thin slices stale bread, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

CRABMEAT, delicate in flavor, combines with diced potato and mayonnaise to make the tempting and colorful Lenten luncheon platter pictured above.

Beat egg, mix well with milk and sugar. Cut stale bread into fingers, dip into egg and milk mixture. Line ovenware dish with half the bread fingers. Add balance of egg and milk to breadcrumbs, fold into fruit pulp. Fill into dish, top with balance of bread fingers arranged criss-cross fashion. Sprinkle with cinnamon and lemon rind. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

SWISS VEGETABLE PATTIES

One cup thick white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, ½ cup cooked green peas, ½ cup cooked diced carrot, ½ cup cooked diced celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, stale bread, egg glazing, fat for frying.

Combine sauce, cheese, vegetables, salt, pepper, and parsley. Heat thoroughly without boiling. Cut bread into slices ¾in. thick, then into rounds with a 2½in. cutter. With a smaller cutter cut circles half-way through and carefully scoop out centres. Trim centres and keep to use as lids. Brush cases and lids with egg glazing and fry golden brown in deep fuming fat. Drain on kitchen paper, fill with vegetable mixture, place lid on and serve piping hot.

CRAB MAYONNAISE

Four medium-sized crabs, ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 cup diced cooked potato, lettuce, cucumber, lemon for garnishing.

Wash crabs well, remove claws and reserve some for garnishing. Cut crabs open and remove white flesh; crack large claws and remove flesh. Dice or flake crabmeat, combine with potato, toss lightly with mayonnaise. Chill thoroughly, pile into lettuce cups and serve garnished with sliced cucumber, crab claws, and lemon wedges.

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Accent on Health

Good health depends on many things. Diet is important. Eat plenty of fruit. Get plenty of exercise. Sleep well. Regular habits are important, too. Keep free from constipation with Nyal Figsen, the pleasant-tasting tablet laxative. Figsen acts gently yet thoroughly. No pain or discomfort. Sold by chemists everywhere — Nyal Figsen—24 tablets 1/3.

Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!

PRICED FOR EVERY PURSE

GOT A BOIL?

HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll *feel* the *moist heat* go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll *see* how it helps bring the boil to a head. The *moist heat* of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good, does good.

GET A TIN FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE.

FOR BOILS — Antiphlogistine

ABOVE: This breakfast dish—good sustaining fare for any member of the family—wins a prize in this week's recipe contest.

RIGHT: You'll be surprised at the way devon or luncheon sausage curls up when it comes in contact with a small quantity of hot fat. When it forms a cup, remove from fat, drain, and serve piled high with creamed meat and vegetables.

Superb recipes from readers . . .

CAKE IS STARRED

RICH and luscious is the caramel marshmallow cake—it's a recipe you'll save for special-occasions use.

Using up odd bits and pieces left from previous meals is no problem really . . . They can be combined in dozens of appetising ways to make fine breakfast dishes.

Corn and tomato saute, one of this week's prize-winning recipes, shows how to dispose of corn, cheese, and stale bread. Result: a delicious breakfast dish, quick, easy, and tasty.

Scones and scones again—recipes for all varieties come to us. The particularly good cinnamon and walnut scone recipe came from an interested reader in Wales. They're good plain—or split and spread with butter, honey, syrup, or cream cheese.

Let us have one of your tested recipes—it may win a cash prize for you in this popular weekly contest.

CARAMEL MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Half cup margarine or butter, ½ cup sugar, vanilla essence, 3 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, scant ½ cup milk.

Cream shortening and sugar with vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour and salt alternately with milk, making a fairly soft mixture. Turn into well-greased 8in. recess tin. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) from 40 to 45 minutes.

When cold, coat with caramel icing. Allow to set, top with marshmallow, and sprinkle with nuts.

Caramel Icing: Two cups brown sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter. Place all ingredients into saucepan. Bring to boil. Boil steadily 7 minutes without stirring. Remove from heat. Beat till beginning to thicken. Spread quickly over top and sides of cake, using knife dipped in hot water if necessary. Allow to become quite cold.

Marshmallow: One cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Place all ingredients in saucepan. Boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Cool slightly, add lemon juice and rind. Beat till thick and creamy and almost cold. Pile on to cake.

First Prize of £1 to Miss B. Capel, Yullambee, Bugilbone Rail, N.S.W.

CORN AND TOMATO SAUTE

One medium-sized onion, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 large, firm tomatoes, 2 cups cooked corn, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, toast, grilled bacon rolls.

Melt shortening in saucepan, add onion, fry lightly. Add peeled, sliced tomatoes. Cover and cook gently 10 to 15 minutes. Add corn, cheese, parsley, salt and pepper. Reheat 2 or 3 minutes. Serve on rounds of toast, garnish with bacon rolls.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Gray, Lock St., New Farm, Brisbane.

WALNUT AND CINNAMON ROLLS

One pound self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in shortening. Beat egg and add milk, add to dry ingredients, making fairly soft dough. Roll out fairly thinly. Sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and chopped nuts. Fold in three. Roll lightly to ½in. thickness. Cut with round cutter or knife. Place on greased or floured scone tray. Glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven (500 deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Rogers, 8 Small Holding, Acton Park, Wrexham, North Wales, England.

DEVILLED CHICKEN

Steamed or boiled chicken joints, 1 good dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon chutney, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon anchovy sauce or paste (if procurable).

Cream shortening well with chutney. Add lemon juice, cayenne and anchovy sauce or paste. Mix well together. Trim chicken joints, fry in hot fat till lightly browned. Sprinkle with salt. Spread each piece thickly with devilled butter. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Smith, 419 Glenferrie Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.

KEEPING FAITH

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

MANY of you do not realise that the little "white lies" so commonly used with children in the home must leave small folk very bewildered.

For instance, you might say: "No, mother is not going out, darling." Then, a few minutes later—with hat on—you do go out of the house. This must surely shake your small daughter's faith in you. Again, over the telephone and in the hearing of your small son, who is with his daddy: "No, he's not at home." Surely not a good example of truthfulness.

Always remember that a little child is a great imitator and that in the home it is most important that you set the good example.

For that "Sweet Tooth" of yours

1

Cream Caramel
You'll smack your lips over this full, rich flavour.

2

Strawberry Cream
Only one thing better than this taste sensation — strawberries fresh from the plant.

3

Turkish Delight
Here's a rich, exotic flavour that will haunt your "sweet" tooth!

4

Fruit Sundae
All the taste-appeal of your favourite fruit sundae.

The ONLY Chocolate Block with THESE 4 exciting centres

How We Make It:— To make the smooth, mellow chocolate, we use only the kernels of choice cocoa beans, blended with creamy milk and pure, white sugar—then mould it into casings containing the four delicious fillings and mmh! Snack is ready for your "Sweet tooth".

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